

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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*"The best Outboard Motor in the World"*

THE BRITISH SEAGULL CO. LTD., POOLE, DORSET. Telephone: POOLE 818



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THE LATE KING GEORGE VI H.M. QUEEN MARY  
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**Gaymer's**  
CYDER

*Preferred by people of good taste*

Made in  
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since 1745

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THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO. LTD., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

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*All things being equal* — ASK FOR  
**HARDEN'S TEA**

THERE IS A BLEND TO SUIT EVERY TASTE

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**KING SIX**  
CIGARS

*Backed by over a  
hundred years of  
perfect blending.*

**1/9** EACH

Made by J. R. Freeman & Son, Ltd.



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Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits

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Children like Haliborange right away  
... keeps them fit throughout the Winter.

**Haliborange**

The nicest way of taking Halibut Oil  
From Chemists only  
MADE BY ALLEN & HANBURY'S LIMITED



BY APPOINTMENT SANITARY POLISH MANUFACTURERS  
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.

**RONUK**  
POLISHES

## GREYS are great CIGARETTES

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

**CAR & GENERAL** INSURANCE **LTD.**  
CORPORATION

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.





*Ma-supials have a pouch, or bin  
To stow their little treasures in.  
Not strange if Mrs. Kangaroo  
Should poppa Guinness in it, too!*





*“Fresh off the Polyvinylbenzene\*, love!”*

You probably don't know if that is good or bad, so we'll tell you. It's a Monsanto plastic, and very good indeed. Because it is odourless, tasteless, lightweight—yet strong, this plastic is ideal for houseware and refrigerator fittings. Its strength actually increases as temperatures drop. It is used in hundreds of other everyday products—from toys to radio cabinets, hairbrush backs to light switches.

It is accepted throughout the world today as a manufacturing material in its own right, not merely as a substitute for something else. Other Monsanto plastics and chemicals serve industry—which serves mankind—in countless other ways.

\* Chemical synonym for LUSTREX, Registered Trade Mark for Monsanto's polystyrene moulding crystals.



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## CAR'S INSIDE STORY

# Woman at the wheel



Women drive differently from men (oh—let's not start that argument again!)

Let's say a woman demands different things of a car. With the Javelin, the suspension that keeps a woman happy by taking the wickedest bumps in its gliding stride is the same all round torsion bar system that cuts seconds at corners for a man in a hurry.

The quick, light steering and clear visibility are just what a woman wants for parking in the High Street . . . the same qualities that the rally experts praise.

The comfortable cleverly planned seating that lets a woman slip gracefully in and out of the car, sees a man through a 400-mile Continental run without fatigue. And there's plenty of room in the back for several children.

What more could a woman ask of a man's car that will do 80 m.p.h. and accelerate from 0 to 50 in 15.4 secs.?

There's a lot built into the Javelin that doesn't really show until you have one in your hands—real family comfort—30 m.p.g. economy—and performance.

The 1953 Javelin has the new Series III engine.

The Javelin Saloon with leather upholstery costs £1,082.12.3 (including purchase tax).



1½ litre **JOWETT JAVELIN**

one day—it has to be *YOURS!*

MADE BY JOWETT CARS LIMITED, IDLE, BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE



## ACHIEVEMENT

More than  
1,000,000 flying hours  
have been completed  
by Rolls-Royce  
gas-turbine  
engines

**ROLLS-ROYCE**  
*Aero*  
E N G I N E S

FOR SPEED AND RELIABILITY

## 250,000 Sq. Miles of Newsprint



Photo by Canadian National Film Board

### WORLD'S CHIEF SUPPLIER

CANADA, with a quarter of a million square miles of the right kind of timber, is the world's No. 1 producer of newsprint. Indeed, 3 out of every 5 of the world's newspaper pages are made in Canada.

Many business men visit this great—and potentially greater—

market as a matter of routine—travelling by TCA's 40-passenger North Star Skyliners. Since the present trans-Atlantic tourist fare is the lowest in the history of trans-Atlantic flight, they economise in both time and money—and they like to be able to say they came by Canada's own Air Line.

TCA offers the most frequent service to Montreal, linking you with every important area in Canada and the U.S.A.

**FLY TCA**

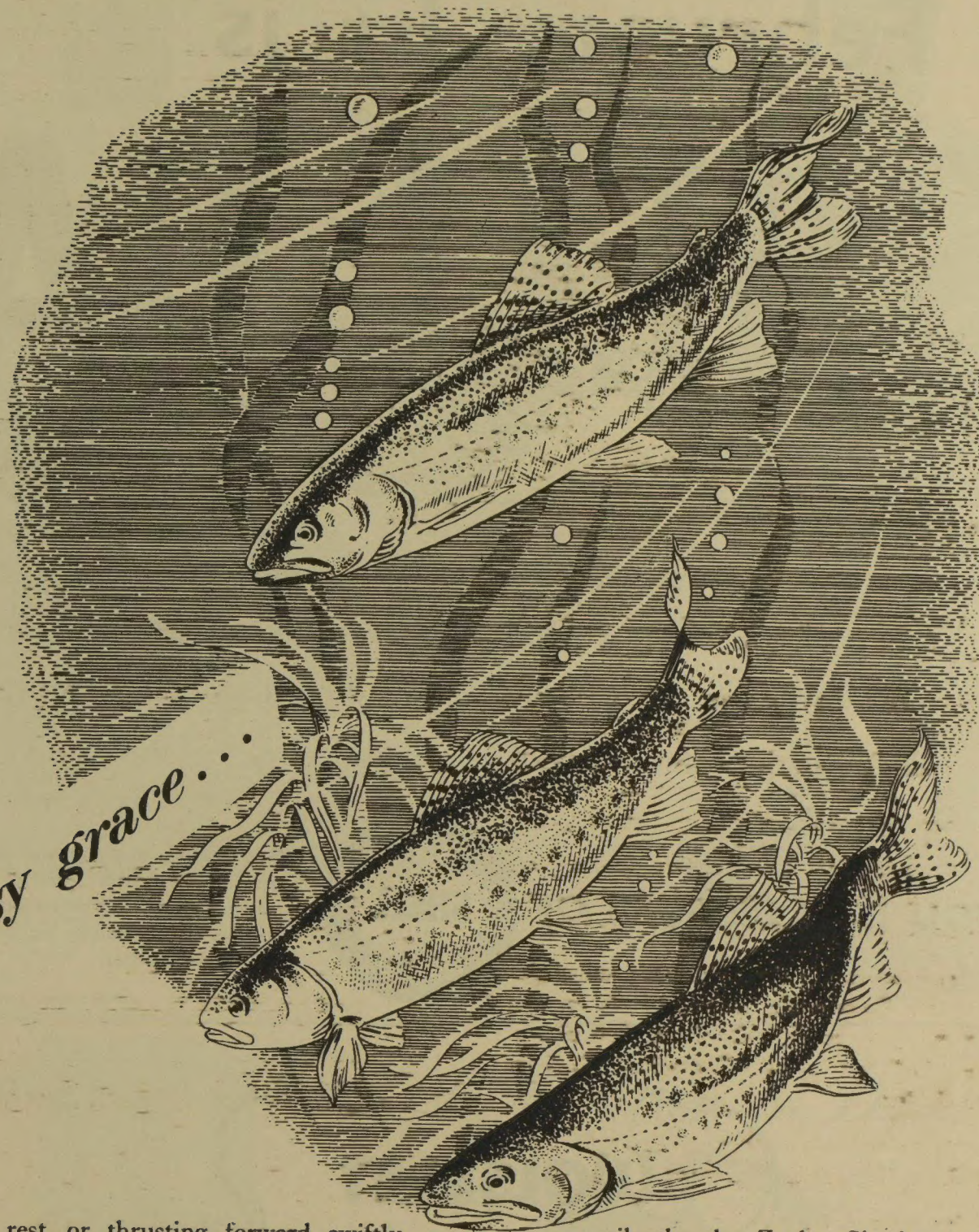


**TRANS-CANADA**  
Canada—less than a day by TCA

*Air Lines*

Contact your local Travel Agent—or TCA, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. Telephone: WHItchall 0851. Scottish Address: Prestwick Airport, Ayrshire. Telephone: Glasgow Central 3428 or Prestwick 7272, Extension 268.



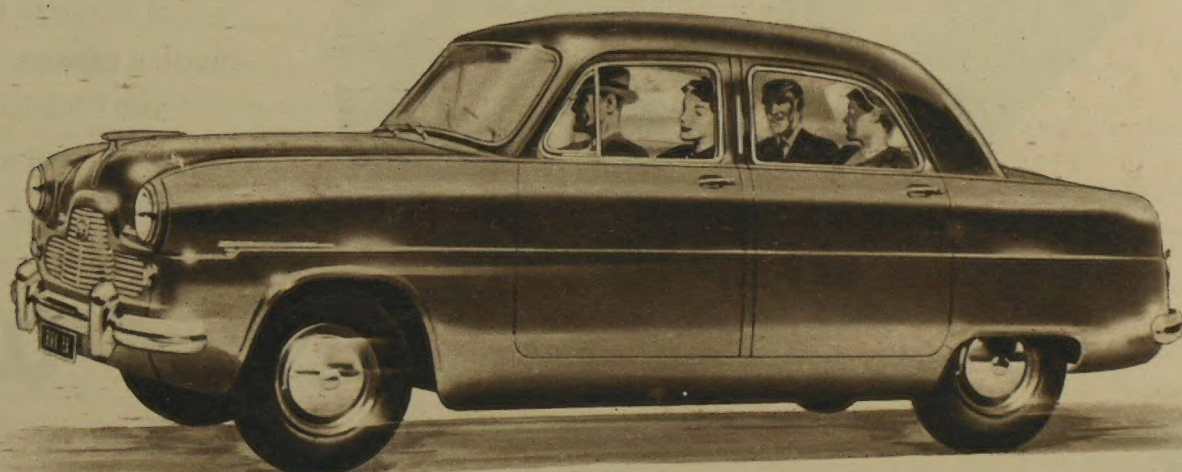


*Smooth easy grace...*

At rest, or thrusting forward swiftly, silently, the Zephyr-Six has much of the easy grace of fish. A fast car, it is also a very safe one. While stationary, it suggests surging power; unleashed it embodies deep-chair ease. It is, then, swift, graceful and capacious; but first and last it is economical. The recent price reduction of all Ford products emphasises Ford leadership in thrifty motoring. It is truly amazing that such high performance and quality can be allied with such moderate costs.

ZEPHYR-SIX £532 PLUS PURCHASE TAX £297.1.1.

**Ford** ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ **MOTORING—THE BEST AT LOWEST COST**





# February 1st is

# SHELL DAY

That's the welcome-back day for the greatest of all petrols. The day you'll re-discover that **Shell spares your engine and improves your mileage.** It will be the best day ever for all motorists because Shell has the latest and best refining processes \* in the world!

**YOU CAN BE SURE OF**



*\* In addition to the normal distillation process, Shell's British refineries use catalytic-cracking, selective polymerisation and re-forming processes to produce the finest possible "balanced" petrol.*

## WOLSELEY

herald a new era in car values with this exciting model



THE NEW WOLSELEY  
"FOUR FORTY-FOUR"  
£640 plus P.T. £357.1.1d.

THIS lively car gives fast mileage on low fuel consumption, roomy comfort with graceful lines. It has the appearance, the amenities and the distinction of a car far in advance of its attractive price. With it, Wolseley offer an entirely new standard of value to the man of good taste and modest means. The current "Four Fifty" and "Six Eighty" models round off a most attractive Wolseley range.

**BUY WISELY—BUY**

# WOLSELEY



**WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD**

Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford, and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1. London Showrooms: 12 Berkeley Street, W.1





BY APPOINTMENT MEDALLISTS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.  
EST. 1772

# SPINK & SON LTD.

5, 6 & 7, KING ST., ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S. W. 1.

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Ancient Egyptian sculpture in black serpentine depicting the upper parts of the figures of the Royal Scribe, Hui, and of the Lady Nai. On the reverse, an invocation to the gods.

XVIII dynasty, circa 1400 B.C.

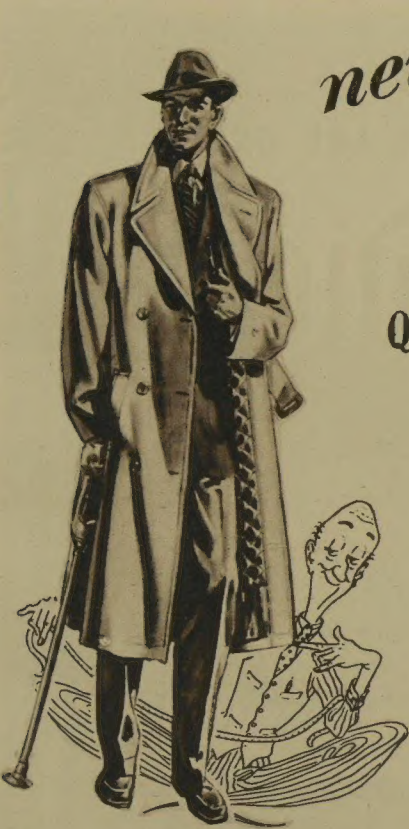
Height 5½ inches; width 8 inches.



Ancient Egyptian bronze statue of the god Amen-Ra.

Circa 400 B.C.

Height 19 inches.



*new!*



## QUILTED LUXURY for you ...

... a new dual-purpose  
tailored weathercoat  
- with a difference!

WARMLITE! . . . a matchless 2-in-1 garment in wool gabardine, satin-lined and with a genuine Tropaline zip-in warmer. Immaculately tailored with set-in sleeve for men. Also in seven attractive shades (with hat and fixed lining) for women.

★ Three times as warm as its weight in wool, the quilted Tropaline lining is zipped-in-and-out in seconds!

**Wear a**

*Robert Hirst*

# WARMLITE

- you'll *live* in it!

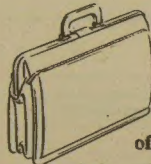
If not available locally write for name of nearest stockist to:  
Robert Hirst & Co., Ltd., Hammerin House, Hammerton Street, Bradford. Also at 205, Regent Street, London, W.1

"A master stroke in weathercoat styling,"

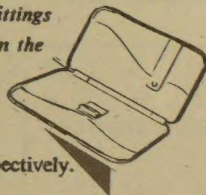
says **LEN HUTTON.**



## a Poem in Pigskin



At Bury in Lancashire a small band of craftsmen is expressing an age-old tradition . . . in beautifully stitched and hand-finished briefcases which combine the capaciousness of a conjurer's hat with a handsome 'note-case' slimness. This particular poem in pigskin has an inside story which is common currency among travellers in five continents . . . a 17" x 11½" briefcase in Golden Tan or Autumn Tan Shades with a single easy-to-pick-up handle. \* outside zip pocket for travel literature, two interior foolscap compartments and a private zip-sealed section for overnight tackle. English Lever lock and fittings of solid brass. You can obtain these briefcases only direct from the craftsmen who make them, at the workbench price of 12 guineas, post free. Also available in smooth polished hide (Golden Tan, Brown or Black) at 9 guineas. Matching zip folio cases, size 16" x 10½", £2.15.0 and £2.5.0 respectively.



Immediate dispatch. Complete satisfaction guaranteed or purchase price refunded immediately.

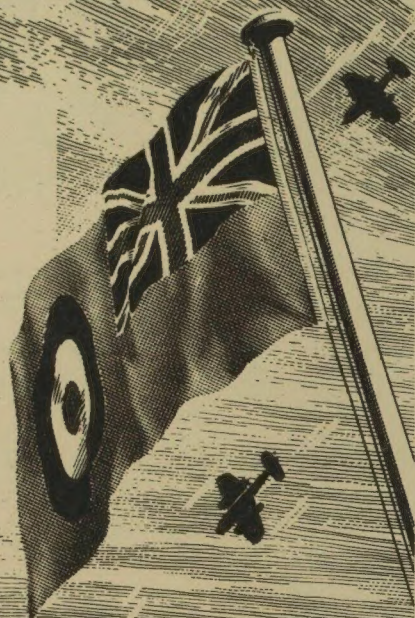


**Unicorn Leather Co. Ltd.** (Dept. L.N.2), Woodhill Works, Bury, Lancs.



# THE CAREER YOU WANT TO FOLLOW AND A LIFE YOU WILL LIKE TO LEAD

A  
Commission in  
THE ROYAL AIR FORCE  
can give you  
both



MUCH of the work of Royal Air Force officers is a more exciting version of civil activities. So it is often possible for a young man to follow his chosen civilian career in the more stimulating atmosphere of the Royal Air Force. Most young men find this an ideal arrangement. Whether you have chosen to be a scientist, technologist, administrator, pilot or navigator, the R.A.F. gives you superb training *plus* unique experience in leadership and administration (personnel management as the civilians would call it).

You also have the opportunity to travel and take part in every kind of sport. In the officers' mess you live among congenial people of your own age with similar interests.

As you will see from the brief list below, there are various ways of being granted a commission in the Royal Air Force. The best thing to do is to write for details of the type of commission which interests you, at the same time giving a brief account of your career or training to date. The address is: Under Secretary of State, Air Ministry (I.L.N. 100A), A.R.I., Adastral House, London, W.C.2.

TYPE OF COMMISSION	BRANCH	AGE LIMITS	EDUCATIONAL STANDARD
PERMANENT (R.A.F. Cadetships)	General Duties (Flying) R.A.F. Regiment Equipment • Secretarial	17½ — 19	Civil Service Commission Examination
	Technical	17 — 19½	G.C.E. (Advanced Level)
PERMANENT (University Entry)	General Duties (Flying) Technical	20 — 28	Normal Degree at recognised university
SHORT SERVICE	General Duties (Flying)	17½ — 26	G.C.E.
	Technical Other ground branches	17½ — 27 From 17½	Higher National Certificate G.C.E. or professional qualification in specialised branches
NATIONAL SERVICE	Almost all	During period of service	G.C.E.



Pheasant Shooting

## What are they talking about?

No, they're not talking about the last "Bag". They're talking about Burrough's Gin — because it is *triple distilled*. This means it undergoes three separate distillations, ensuring the highest quality and absolute purity. It takes a little longer than other methods. But it is effort well spent. For today, Burrough's Beefeater Gin, as always, is soft, smooth and wonderfully clean to the palate. Remember, it's *triple distilled*. Price 33/9 per bottle; 17/7 per half bottle.



ENJOYED SINCE 1820

# BURROUGH'S *Gin*

BEEFEATER  
IT IS TRIPLE DISTILLED!

JAMES BURROUGH LTD., 74 CALE DISTILLERY, HUTTON ROAD, S.E.11

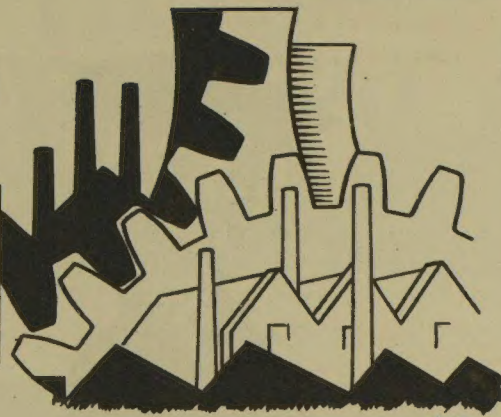
THE ONE AND ONLY

# Bénédictine

The Liqueur to Linger Over!



there is nothing  
*abstract*  
about  
**THERMAL  
EFFICIENCY**



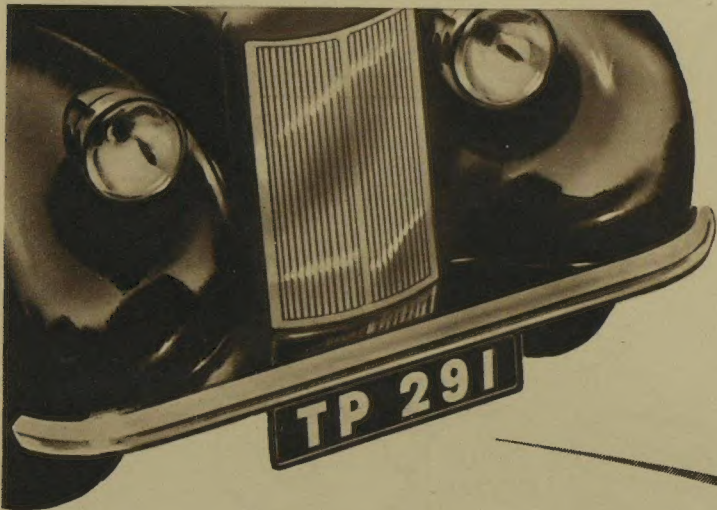
The thermal efficiency of a power station is a hard fact, an engineer's measure of the amount of coal needed to produce a given amount of power. High thermal efficiency means important savings in coal and money. Your money. And your coal!

A most important factor affecting thermal efficiency is the boiler plant of the power station. It is, therefore, of the greatest significance that the British power station showing the highest thermal efficiency, has BABCOCK boilers, and that boilers made by the BABCOCK organization are used in over 60% of the top efficiency stations listed by the British Electricity Authority.



**BABCOCK  
STEAM  
RAISING PLANT**

**BABCOCK & WILCOX LIMITED**  
BABCOCK HOUSE FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.4



**There's SAFETY in this number**

Because it contains TP 291, Smiths Bluecol anti-freeze gives your engine cooling system *double* safety. TP 291 is Smiths symbol for their special Triethanolamine Phosphate inhibitor, which protects radiators and water jackets from rusting and similar chemical action. That is the *extra* protection that Bluecol gives your cooling system in addition to keeping it perfectly safe against even 35° of frost. That's what makes Bluecol the *doubly* safe choice when you give your car its winter fill of anti-freeze. To put Bluecol in early costs no more than to put it in late—and may save a £30 repair bill if we have a snap frost early in the winter. If your car isn't Bluecol-protected already, give it this *double* safety now—today!

**BLUECOL**

THE DOUBLY SAFE ANTI-FREEZE

one of **SMITHS** accessories for better motoring

*“The old plant  
will be entirely  
replaced...”*



**Where Vickers  
can help**

The policy decision that new plant is to be laid down, the discussions on layout and production planning, lead on to consideration of the new equipment itself. It is here that a great world organisation such as the Vickers Group can give valuable help. Companies within the Group manufacture plant for many industries, both basic and secondary. The experience of succeeding generations of engineers has led to a standard of design in Vickers products which does much to ensure the success of new industrial projects.

*Among the products of the Vickers Group are:*

ACCOUNTING MACHINES • LETTERPRESS AND OFFSET LITHO  
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BOTTLING, BOXMAKING, SOAP, INK AND PAINT INDUSTRIES  
CONSTRUCTIONAL STEELWORK



**VICKERS**  
LIMITED

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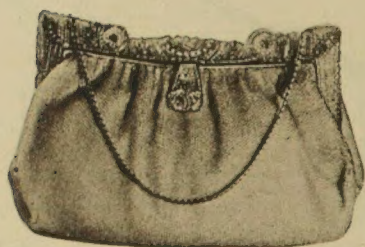






By Appointment  
Silversmiths & Jewellers  
to the late King George VI

# Asprey



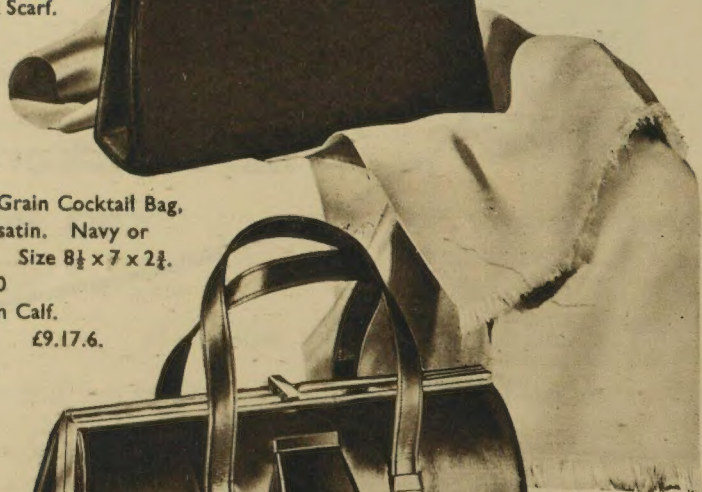
Silver Beaded Evening Bag,  
pearl and diamante frame.  
£46.10.0.

(Selection of various  
beaded bags from  
£12.12.0.)



Pigskin Handbag,  
leather lined.  
Size 11 x 7 x 3½  
£9.10.0.

French Silk Scarf.  
£5.10.0.



Gros Grain Cocktail Bag,  
lined satin. Navy or  
black. Size 8½ x 7 x 2½.  
£7.10.0

Also in Calf.  
£9.17.6.

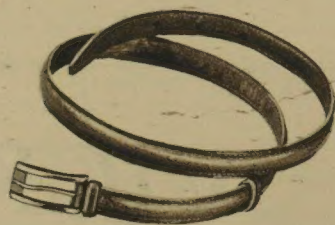


Black Calf Travel Bag,  
triple frame,  
leather lined  
with inner zip pocket.  
Size 13 x 8 x 3.  
£16.12.6



Calf Handbag,  
silk lining.  
Size 8½ x 7½ x 2.  
Also in Navy.  
£13.7.6.

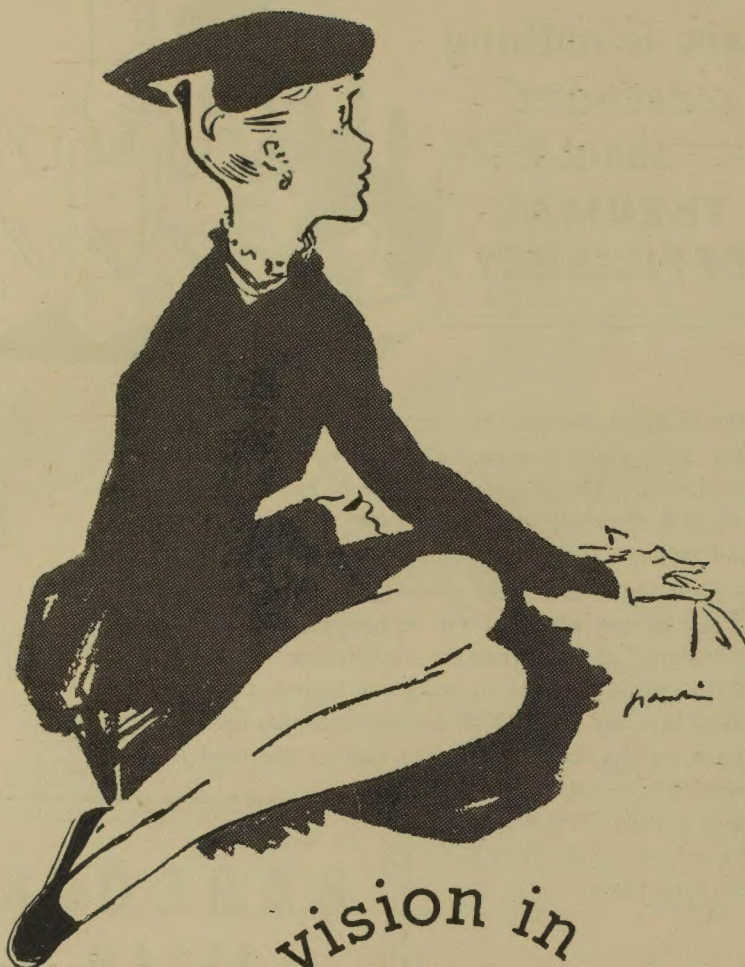
Slim,  
walking length Umbrella,  
calf handle.  
£12.17.6.



Ladies Pigskin Belt.  
£2.17.6.  
Also in calf or snake skin.

Send for Christmas Gift List

ASPREY & CO. LTD., 165/169 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1



Be a vision in  
*Vayle*  
nylons

VAYLE SCOTTISH NYLONS—51 and 60 gauge and 8 adorable shades

105

## THANK GOODNESS!



# Parker & Dobson

CAMEO CHOCOLATES

REGAL FRUIT DROPS

CREAMY MINTS, ETC.

MAKERS OF FINER CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONERY SINCE 1834



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1952.



TRIUMPHANTLY ELECTED TO THE MOST RESPONSIBLE POSITION IN THE FREE WORLD AND TO BE THE ARBITER OF PEACE FOR THE NEXT FOUR YEARS: GENERAL EISENHOWER, U.S. PRESIDENT-ELECT—WITH MRS. EISENHOWER.

In the early hours of November 5, as the results from the States began to come in, it became clear that Governor Stevenson, the Democratic candidate for President, had no chance of victory, and he sent a telegram to General Eisenhower which read: "The people have made their choice and I congratulate you. That you may be the servant and the guardian of peace and make the day of trouble a dawn of hope is my earnest prayer. Best wishes." As the results continued to come in, it was apparent that General Eisenhower's victory

was a triumphant landslide, and that he had carried every State except West Virginia, Kentucky, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana, and so had a total of 431 electoral votes to Governor Stevenson's 100. It was also clear that the General's personal victory was far greater than that of the Republican Party, which gained a narrow majority in both houses; and this fact did much to relieve the fears of those who thought that the General was the "prisoner" of the Old Guard of the Republican Party.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WHENEVER I read in the newspapers or hear on the radio more than I can tolerate—and I find that this happens frequently—I take down from my shelves a volume of seventeenth-century letters or diaries. And whatever I select I am certain in the course of the next hour to recover my senses in the society of men and women who, whatever their limitations, were balanced and sane. They had the same kind of balance and sanity as Christopher Wren gave to the building of St. Paul's, or Henry Purcell to the composition of his songs and sonatas. Their values were based on the realities of human nature and life. They had not yet built a Tower of Babel which was to carry their descendants of two centuries later away from their mother earth into a stratosphere of idealism where men and women cannot breathe easily or see clearly. They knew, to use a favourite phrase of our grandmothers, "what they were about." And when I look at what they have left us out of their technologically ill-equipped age—the houses and barns they built, the furniture they fashioned, the gardens and parks they laid out—I am filled with wonder and admiration at their practical achievement.

They were not romantic as we are romantic. In matters of this world they kept their feet firmly planted on the earth. I have often been struck by this in reading their love letters and the details of their elaborate preparations for marriage, which is, after all, about the most important transaction that most men and women have to make in their lives. And it is remarkable that the preliminary arrangements for marriage in the seventeenth century had little or nothing to do, like those of our day, with falling in love: a state of mind which, when one considers it dispassionately, is, however agreeable, not dissimilar to that of being drunk. Our seventeenth-century ancestors did not arrange their marriages to satisfy the impulses created by such an unbalanced frame of mind. They arranged them for reasons which had nothing to do with falling in love. The seventeenth-century theory of marriage was that one arranged a marriage for rational and worldly ends, that the young people then married, and subsequently, if they chose, fell in love. We have reversed the process by assuming that it is best that young people should first fall in love, then marry, and then fall out of love and, as likely as not, out of marriage too.

The great end of seventeenth-century marriage was children, not the satisfaction of a romantic but transient intoxication in the contracting parties. And as the education and maintenance of children required a sound economic basis, a business arrangement was regarded as the essential foundation for a marriage. Among the propertied classes—and the vast majority of educated people at that time possessed some sort of property or other, because property was still very widespread—marriages were arranged by parents, or in some cases by family lawyers, for financial considerations. Consequently, the correspondence leading up to marriage is mostly concerned with pounds, shillings and pence, or what was the seventeenth-century equivalent, rentals and various forms of landed property. "Sir Ambrose Crawley's daughters go apace," writes one correspondent; "fifty thousand pound ladies will never stick on hand!" Even when a gentleman, formerly married by his parents, had become a widower, and had reached that ripe age of discretion when he was free to marry again and make his own arrangements, the same considerations applied. One match-making lady, in a correspondence I have recently been re-reading, wrote to the head of her family: "I hear you have buried your good lady long since. May it please your worthy sir to pardon my boldness herein, if it should please your worship to have thoughts of another, to let me tell your worship of a lady, the most truly virtuous, modest maiden gentlewoman, who hath neither

father nor mother nor brother nor sister. She hath four hundred pounds a year besides much money. Her four hundred pounds a year is free land of inheritance to give whom she please. A more pious, modest gentlewoman is not to be found."

On the whole, seventeenth-century marriages, though entered into with what seem by our more romantic standards to be very sordid motives, appear to have weathered the stresses of human existence extraordinarily well. One reason for this probably was that the parties did not begin with too high expectations. There were no fairy-tale notions attached to the idea of marriage, and there was generally a substantial and worldly background attached which tended to reconcile, if not endear, the parties to each other. Above all, there was no getting out of it, and this, I suspect, was a most important factor in making seventeenth-century marriage a success. Even

the most successful of marriages must have moments when both parties, temporarily, at any rate, regret having married, and if they should then, either of them, conceive the romantic notion that they might be happier married to somebody else with whom they happened to be in love, a strong incentive would arise for terminating their union. In the seventeenth century, practically speaking, it was almost impossible for the ordinary man and woman to get divorced or, at any rate, to get re-married. Consequently, nearly everyone expected to, and did, make the best of a bad—or good—job. In the whole of my reading of seventeenth-century letters I have scarcely come across more than a score of references to serious differences between husband and wife. Petty differences, of course, there were: as many, no doubt, as to-day. But the greatest bond of all was probably the strength and similarity of their religious beliefs. On fundamentals they were in agreement, and those who are agreed on what seems to them a matter of profound and overwhelming importance will find themselves increasingly bound by the strongest of ties. A companionship in such a case arises like that which binds two men climbing a precipice on the same rope. It usually arose in seventeenth-century marriage.

For though the seventeenth century provided for marriage as an earthly institution in a far more rational and substantial way than we provide for it in our supposedly worldly and "matter-of-fact" age, the ultimate background of seventeenth-century marriage was not a worldly one at all. It was thought of as a partnership for eternity and a school for making immortal souls. It brought into the world, our ancestors believed, not merely embryo men and women, but creatures capable of eternity. This gave its partners a sense of tremendous purpose, dedication

and common objective. When that purpose increasingly ceased to animate marriage, it became what it is to-day, mainly secular and, as a result, a frequently ephemeral institution. Of that narrower and purely terrestrial conception of marriage probably the wisest thing ever said on the matter was uttered in the next century by Dr. Johnson. "There is, indeed, nothing that so much beguiles reason as the thought of passing life with an amiable woman, and, if all would happen as a lover fancies, I know not what other terrestrial happiness would deserve the name. But love and marriage are different states. Those who suffer evils together, and suffer for the sake of one another, soon lose that tenderness of look and that benevolence of mind which arise from the participation of unmingled pleasure and enjoyment. The woman, we are sure, will not always be fair; we are not sure she will always be virtuous, and man cannot retain through life that respect, that assiduity by which he pleases for a day, or for a month." And then, with a disarming illogicality and humanity based on his own experience, he added: "I do not, however, pretend that life has anything more to be desired than a prudent and virtuous marriage."



CHOSEN TO BE THE SECOND YOUNGEST VICE-PRESIDENT THE UNITED STATES HAVE EVER HAD: GENERAL EISENHOWER'S "RUNNING MATE," SENATOR R. M. NIXON.

Senator Nixon, the young Republican Senator, who was elected on November 4 as Vice-President of the United States, in the "landslide" which has taken General Eisenhower and the Republican Party into power after twenty years of government by the Democrats, is of Quaker stock. He is married and has two children, daughters of six and four years of age. He was born in Yorba Linda, near Los Angeles, and is now thirty-nine; and spent his youth at Whittier, in the same State of California. He was educated at Duke University, and practised as a lawyer until 1942. He then joined the U.S. Navy and served for four years in the South Pacific, ending up in the South Pacific Combat Air Transport Command. He entered politics in 1946, and was elected to Congress. He came into prominence as a member of the Un-American Activities Committee, particularly in the Alger Hiss case. He was elected to the Senate in 1950, and was then the youngest Senator. During the election campaign he was attacked for having accepted a gift from his supporters for political expenses, but after a very successful appearance on television, in which he made public many details of his personal finances, this attack very largely recoiled on his opponents.

Portrait Study by Karsh of Ottawa.



# THE EISENHOWER "LANDSLIDE": SCENES OF THE REPUBLICAN VICTORY, IN NEW YORK.



REJOICING REPUBLICANS AT GENERAL EISENHOWER'S HEAD-QUARTERS, AS THE ARRIVAL OF RESULTS MADE IT CLEAR THAT GENERAL EISENHOWER HAD WON IN A "LANDSLIDE."

# GENERAL EISENHOWER IN TRIUMPH: HOW THE RESULT WAS RECEIVED.



THE VICE-PRESIDENT-ELECT, SENATOR NIXON, WITH HIS WIFE, STUDYING RESULTS FROM THE TELETYPE MACHINE. HE IS THE SECOND-YOUNGEST VICE-PRESIDENT ELECTED.

(ABOVE.) IN THE MOMENT OF TRIUMPH: GENERAL EISENHOWER READING OUT THE TELEGRAM EARLY ON NOVEMBER 5 IN WHICH GOVERNOR STEVENSON CONCEDED VICTORY TO THE REPUBLICANS.

GENERAL EISENHOWER'S victory in the Presidential Election on November 4 was resounding and speedy, and the issue was clear in the early hours of November 5. Governor Stevenson early conceded victory to the General, and in a statement at his headquarters at Springfield, Illinois, said: "The people have rendered their verdict and I gladly accept it. . . . I urge you all to give to President Eisenhower the support he will need to carry out the great tasks that lie before us. I pledge him mine." In New York General Eisenhower acknowledged Governor Stevenson's congratulations and thanked him, and in a speech to his

[Continued below.]







SHOWING THE COVERED WALK TO PROTECT SHOPPERS FROM BRITISH WEATHER: A VIEW OF "THE STOW," THE SHOPPING CENTRE OF HARLOW NEW TOWN, ESSEX.

## A YOUNG ESSEX TOWN WHICH H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WILL VISIT NEXT WEEK: HOMES, SHOPS AND FACTORIES IN THE



SITUATED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE NEW TOWN: THE FACTORY AREA, PLANNED TO PROVIDE WORKERS WITH AS MUCH SPACE AND LIGHT AS POSSIBLE.



MODERN ART FOR THE YOUNG GENERATION: TWO CHILDREN GAZING AT BARBARA HEPWORTH'S "CONTRAPTUAL FORMS," PRESENTED TO THE NEW TOWN BY THE ARTS COUNCIL.



SHOWING SOME OF THE DWELLING-HOUSES, EACH WITH ITS GARDEN: A VIEW OF PART OF THE NEW TOWN TAKEN FROM AN EIGHT-STOREY BLOCK OF FLATS.

THE housing problem which has faced this country for so long is being energetically tackled by the Government, and next week, on Nov. 17, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh has arranged to pay a visit to one of the two new towns under construction in Essex—Harlow New Town. The other is Basildon. In September, 1951, the then Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Local Government and Planning, opened the Industrial Estate in connection with Harlow New Town, and set in motion the machinery of twelve factories; and in our issue of October 6 last year we illustrated some of the buildings then completed.

## DUKE OF EDINBURGH WILL VISIT NEXT WEEK: MODERN MANNER AT HARLOW NEW TOWN.



RISING FROM AN AREA OF SMOOTH GREEN LAWNS, SHADED BY FINE TREES: A VIEW OF A MODERN EIGHT-STOREY BLOCK OF FLATS IN HARLOW NEW TOWN.

Progress since that date has been rapid, and over 4000 people now live and work in the new town, and have shops, a cinema and other amenities at hand. The Duke of Edinburgh will, when he visits Harlow New Town, be received at the Industrial Estate by the Lord Lieutenant of Essex, inspect one of the factories and tour the residential quarter. During his visit he will proceed along Edinburgh Way, the thoroughfare named after him. Our photographs give a good idea of Harlow New Town. The "Contraptual Forms" by Barbara Hepworth were shown at the South Bank Exhibition.



OLD HARLOW, A VIEW OF THE MAIN STREET, WHOSE TRADITIONAL RURAL CHARM HAS NOT BEEN AFFECTED BY THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE ADJACENT NEW TOWN.



CAPABLE OF SEATING 500: THE CINEMA IN HARLOW NEW TOWN. IT IS EXPECTED THAT THE BUILDING AND CONSTRUCTION OF THE TOWN WILL BE FINISHED BY 1957.



WITH ST. MARY'S PARISH CHURCH TOWER IN THE BACKGROUND: THE ALMSHOUSES OF OLD HARLOW. THEY WERE FOUNDED IN 1630 AND ARE ATTRACTIVE SMALL BUILDINGS OF THE PERIOD.



LOOKING FROM ONE OF THE MODERN BUILDINGS: A VIEW OF THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY, LATTON, WHICH IS SITUATED NOT FAR FROM THE NEW TOWN.



NOW NEARLY COMPLETED AND SOON DUE TO OPEN: TAN'S DELL PRIMARY SCHOOL, WHICH WILL HAVE ACCOMMODATION FOR 520 PUPILS IN ITS FINE MODERN BUILDINGS.



BUILT OVER THE BOILER-HOUSE OF A BLOCK OF MODERN FLATS IN HARLOW NEW TOWN: THE SOCIAL HALL (LEFT) PLANNED TO ADD TO THE AMENITIES FOR OCCUPIERS.



ILLUSTRATING THE ATTRACTIVE BRICK-AND-TIMBER STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE: ONE OF THE RESIDENTIAL STREETS IN HARLOW NEW TOWN, TREE-SHADED AND SPACIOUS.



## SOMERSET MAUGHAM AS ESSAYIST.

"THE VAGRANT MOOD"; By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

N.B.—The illustration on this page is not reproduced from the book.

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM has had a long, full and variegated life. He began his adult education as a medical student, and his literary career as a novelist with "Liza of Lambeth." In that first phase he was recognised as a man of unusual talent by a small circle of people. He then switched to the theatre and had a rapid success as a playwright who could turn easily from caustic social satire to jolly farce—in which last connection I must say that I wish that I could see a revival of "Jack Straw," even though Charles Hawtrey is not still alive to play the principal part. I trust to memory, and I may be a few years out in my dates, but I seem to remember that it was even before the 1914 war that he had five plays running in London at once, with his name picked out in bright lights over the porticos of five theatres. However that may be, there came a time when, though continuing the production of plays, he resumed the practice of fiction. He wrote novels, he wrote short stories, but the plays went on. Then there came a point at which he produced what I think the sincerest and the most deeply felt of all his plays, "Sheppey"; one that began with a very cunningly contrived comic first act and then got down to fundamentals and gave us a glimpse of the romantic concealed beneath the surface of this reputedly cynical worldling. It failed. Unless I am mistaken, with that play Mr. Maugham bade farewell to the stage, thinking: "If they won't take my pearls they shan't have any more husks." But to stop writing; that was too much for him. More novels followed; and then a reticent, precise volume of reminiscences; and now there comes a collection of literary essays.

They are of varying quality: the chapter entitled "Some Novelists I Have Known" is rather flimsy, and contains a rather unkind passage about Arnold Bennett, whom the author liked, but whom, I think, he didn't quite understand: though he does realise what a barrier Bennett's stammer was between Bennett and the world. But the other chapters are all extremely good, and deal so acutely with subjects so various that it is evident that, had he never been what Bennett used to call "a creative artist," he might have been an extremely penetrating and catholic critic along the line of Sainte-Beuve. He writes of Augustus Hare (whom he knew in youth), of Zurbaran, of the "Decline and Fall of the Detective Story," of Burke, and of the philosopher Kant. All these chapters have led me to think that Maugham would be a delightful man to discuss things with and to differ from—if only about ending sentences with prepositions.

It is rather difficult to review a book which has so many subjects as this. Had Mr. Maugham devoted himself entirely to Augustus Hare, to the Detective Story, to Burke (and I am horrified as I realise that Burke and Hare have once more been brought together) or to Kant, one could have concentrated on one theme and have said something about the subject and Mr. Maugham's attitude to it. Had he written only about Augustus Hare, that industrious cicerone and snob, who wrote so voluminous an autobiography and was so complacent, it would have been possible to write a whole page about Hare. What a man to write about! Mr. Maugham writes of his elder: "I was accustomed to family prayers and I noticed that some of the prayers Augustus read sounded strangely in my ears. Then I discovered that he had

neatly inked out many lines in the Prayer Book he read from. I asked him why.

"I've crossed out all the passages in glorification of God," he said. "God is certainly a gentleman, and no gentleman cares to be praised to his face. It is tactless, impertinent and vulgar. I think all that fulsome adulation must be highly offensive to Him." But—though Hare will doubtless have monographs devoted to him later, and was certainly a zealous explorer both of ancient Rome and of fashionable England—no sooner has Mr. Maugham whetted our appetite for Hare than he switches to Zurbaran.

His chapter about Zurbaran is very illuminating.

same suffocating shock as when you dive into ice-cold water. And after that first shock your heart throbs like a prisoner's when the jail gate clangs behind him and he breathes again the clean air of freedom. The impact of beauty is to make you feel greater than you are, so that for a moment you seem to walk on air; and the exhilaration and the release are such that nothing in the world matters any more. You are wrenched out of yourself into a world of pure spirit. It is like falling in love. It is falling in love. It is an ecstasy matching the ecstasy of the mystics. When I think of the works of art that have filled me with this intense emotion I think of the first glance at the Taj Mahal, the St. Maurice of

El Greco, seen again after long years, the Adam with his outstretched arm in the Sistine Chapel, Night and Day and the brooding figure of Giuliano on the tombs of the Medici and Titian's *Entombment of Christ*. Such an emotion I, for my part, have never received from the highly competent, well-painted, well-drawn, dignified, thoughtful canvases which Zurbaran painted for the altars of churches and the sacristies of convents. They have great qualities, but they appeal to the mind, to the intelligent appreciation, rather than to the heart and nerves which are thrilled and shattered by the rapture of pure beauty."

Later, he qualifies: he finds that in certain pictures Zurbaran did achieve pure beauty. Then, since the book is a miscellany, he turns to Edmund Burke (appreciating the nobility of his prose and his sentiments and the soundness of his political views, but coming no nearer the core of the man than anybody ever has come), to the philosopher Kant, who wrote a disquisition on *Æsthetics* but turned up his nose at Beauty underneath his nose, and to the Detective Story.

I don't think that Mr. Maugham has ever written a Detective Story: if he has I must apologise. But I doubt whether, unless he might rise to a challenge, he could write one now. For he says that this genre has been completely exhausted, and has been superseded by the hard-boiled story in which tough guys conspire with or cosh gangsters' molls. "Every background has been utilised—the country house party in Sussex, Long Island or Florida, the quiet village in which nothing has happened since the Battle of Waterloo, the castle in the Hebrides isolated by a storm. So have clues—finger-prints, foot-prints, cigarette-ends, perfume, powder. So have unbreakable alibis which the detective breaks, the dog that does not bark, thus pointing to the fact that it was familiar with the murderer (this was first used, I think, by Conan Doyle), the code letter which the detective deciphers, the identical twins and

secret passages.... Every method of murder, every finesse of detection, every guile to throw the reader off the scent, every scene of action in every class of life, has been used again and again. The story of pure deduction has run to seed."

All this Mr. Maugham says. As an author and a critic he says: "I do not see who can succeed Raymond Chandler. I believe the detective story, both the story of pure deduction and the hard-boiled story, is dead"—and he calls Sherlock Holmes, that most living of all imaginary characters, a lay-figure. Yet he ends with: "But that will not prevent a multitude of authors from continuing to write such stories, nor will it prevent me from continuing to read them."

Thank goodness the man's human!

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 824 of this issue.



NOVELIST, PLAYWRIGHT AND NOW ESSAYIST: MR. WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM, THE LAST SURVIVOR OF A GROUP OF GREAT TWENTIETH-CENTURY NOVELISTS, WHOSE LATEST BOOK, "THE VAGRANT MOOD," A COLLECTION OF SIX ESSAYS, IS REVIEWED BY SIR JOHN SQUIRE ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. William Somerset Maugham, the celebrated novelist and playwright, whose literary career extends over a long period, was born on January 25, 1874. He was educated at King's School, Canterbury; Heidelberg University, and St. Thomas's Hospital. During World War I. he served in the Secret Service, and he based his novel "Ashenden," published in 1928, on his experiences at that time. His novels include "Liza of Lambeth" (1897); "The Moon and Sixpence" (1919); "The Painted Veil" (1925); "The Razor's Edge" (1944); and "A Writer's Notebook" (1949). Mr. Maugham's many plays include "Jack Straw" (1908); "Home and Beauty" (1919); "Our Betters" (1923); and "Sheppey" (1933). Mr. Maugham arrived in London last month after having made a good recovery from an operation which he underwent in September. He is expected to stay here until after Christmas, when he will return to his home at Cap Ferrat, in France. [Portrait Study by Karsh of Ottawa.]

He gives whatever information there is to be given about that great artist—great at moments, competent at all times—who is so little known in England. He betrays a sympathy with historic Spain. And, as it were, incidentally, he reveals his deeper feelings in a manner which is not customary with him: "I cannot expect the reader to have noticed that I have not claimed that any of the pictures I have spoken of had beauty. Beauty is a grave word. It is a word of high import. It is used lightly now—of the weather, of a smile, of a frock or the fit of a shoe, of a bracelet, of a garden, of a syllogism; beautiful serves as a synonym for good or pretty or pleasing or nice or engaging or interesting. But beauty is none of these. It is much more. It is very rare. It is a force. It is an enravishment. It is not a figure of speech when people say it takes their breath away; in certain cases it may give you the

\* "The Vagrant Mood." Six Essays. By W. Somerset Maugham. (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.)





**QUEEN ELIZABETH II. LEADS THE NATION'S SOLEMN HOMAGE TO THE DEAD OF TWO WORLD WARS: HER MAJESTY, A YOUTHFUL AND GRACEFUL FIGURE IN BLACK, LAYING HER WREATH AT THE FOOT OF THE CENOTAPH.**

For the first time since the ceremony was instituted, a reigning Queen led the nation's homage to the dead on Remembrance Day, which this year fell on Sunday, November 9. Her Majesty, in black with a red poppy in her coat lapel, left the Home Office building just before eleven o'clock and, with her noticeably graceful walk, crossed the road between the ranks of representatives of the

Services and the great crowds assembled; and took up her position facing the Cenotaph, followed by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester (shown on the left). At the end of the Two Minutes Silence and after the "Last Post" had been sounded by trumpeters of the Royal Air Force, she stepped forward and laid her wreath at the foot of the Cenotaph.



## REMEMBERING THE DEAD IN SOLEMN STILLNESS: THE QUEEN AT THE CENOTAPH

## SURROUNDED BY GREAT PUBLIC SERVANTS, AND BY MANY PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS.



THE TWO MINUTES SILENCE IN WHITEHALL: A GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING THE QUEEN (RIGHT-CENTRE), WITH, BEHIND HER, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN NAVAL UNIFORM AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, THE BISHOP OF LONDON AND CHORISTERS OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL, IN FRONT OF A DETACHMENT OF THE HOME GUARD, ARE ON THE SIDE NEARER THE CAMERA; AND

The annual ceremony at the Cenotaph, always one of the most moving occasions of the year, followed its usual pattern on November 9; yet it was unique, for 1952 is the first occasion on which the proud mourning for the Dead of Two World Wars has been led by a woman who is a reigning Sovereign—our young Queen Elizabeth II.

Representatives of the Fighting Services, including the Women's Services; and Civil Defence, were included in the parade, and the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards played a selection of music, which ended with laments by the pipers of the Scots Guards just as her Majesty stepped from the Home Office building before the Two Minutes



GLOUCESTER. CABINET MINISTERS ARE LINED UP ON THE FAR SIDE. THE MASSED BANDS OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS ON THE LEFT.

Silence. A gun signalled the close of the Silence, and trumpeters of the Royal Air Force sounded the "Last Post." After her Majesty had laid her wreath on the Cenotaph and tributes from other members of the Royal family, Cabinet Ministers and official bodies had been placed there, choristers of the Chapel Royal led the huge



WATCHING THE CEREMONY FROM A WINDOW IN THE HOME OFFICE BUILDING: PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE, THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, QUEEN ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN MOTHER, PRINCE OLAF OF NORWAY AND PRINCESS MARGARET. THE ROYAL LADIES WERE ALL IN BLACK, WITH BUNDLES OF FLANDERS POPPIES ON THEIR COATS.



THE FIRST REIGNING QUEEN TO LEAD THE NATION'S MOURNING ON THE DAY OF REMEMBRANCE: HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II, WITH, BEHIND HER, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

crowd in singing "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," the Bishop of London conducted a short service before the Reveille was sounded by buglers of the Royal Marines; and the march-past took place. Finally, a long queue was formed by members of the public, who filed slowly past to lay their individual tributes at the Cenotaph.



IN many minds confusion exists about the defence of Western Europe by land forces. To begin with, people are puzzled about the confident forecast of a continuation of the cold war for a certain time to come in that continent and its bearing on the part played by the Allied Armies in the West. In the first place, I would suggest that this forecast, however strong the arguments in its favour, ought not to lead to neglect of other possibilities. It ought not to lead at present to weakening of overall strength. The strength to-day, despite a substantial increase, has not yet reached the minimum which the best judges hold to be desirable. And while a defeat in the cold war might lead only to an intensification of the cold-war offensive, it might, if sufficiently heavy, actually bring military action nearer if the power of resistance seemed to be softened to a degree which would render such action easy. I have previously given it as my opinion that the danger of military action is great enough to make the acceptance of risks on that score unjustified.

But, the puzzled go on to say, it has become clear from recent announcements that remarkable strides have been made in the power of atomic weapons. Does not that in itself lessen the need for land forces? My answer to that question is that these announcements point to the outstanding progress having been in the tactical rather than the strategic rôle of atomic weapons. That is to say, the kind of progress indicated is an increase in the power of the land forces—and in less degree those of sea and air—to resist attack with the support of atomic weapons employed tactically. Until this new power became existent and actual instead of a project of the future, their prospects in the event of attack had been very far indeed from bright. Russia, too, has made progress in the use of atomic weapons, but it would be folly to overlook the power of her land forces, on which, according to all the evidence, she continues to rely to a great extent. A large proportion of her strength still lies in the masses of infantry, armour and artillery at her disposal. Incidentally, virtually the whole strength of her satellites lies in land forces in mass.

On the one hand, it cannot be conceived that Russia would resort to open war in Europe without making the fullest possible use of her great land army. On the other, it cannot be doubted that its use would be extremely formidable and that the defence would need powerful land forces, as well as every available modern artifice, in order to withstand the blows which it would have to face. The day may come when modern artifices are so terrible that neither the possibility nor the need of action in any other forms exist—if it does, civilisation will probably be destroyed unless war is abolished—but we should not outpace realities in imagination. If we had listened to single-track minds like those of Douhet, we should have possessed neither a fleet nor anti-aircraft guns in the last war, and the end, so far as we were concerned, would have come very swiftly. As matters stand now, only the irresponsible would advocate a reduction of the strength of land forces in Western Europe and only the crazy would advocate their abolition. The question of their constitution remains.

Since before the First World War it has become increasingly clear that no nation can maintain in time of peace land forces comparable in strength to those which it is prepared to employ in war. The obvious alternative is to establish covering forces behind the protection of which the nation can mobilise its full military strength. The strength of these covering forces will rise or fall with the rise or fall of the danger, but they will always be covering forces. Circumstances are very different now from what they were when this principle came into force. The deadly strength of air forces, the destructive quality of the weapons they carry, the "totality" of warfare which has come about because the whole nation is liable to attack if the whole nation fights, call for new methods of defence. Another effect is that war mobilisation is no longer so purely military as it was. It has now become mobilisation of the whole nation. Yet the principle has not altered. Nations are still—in fact, more than ever—precluded from developing their full strength in peace and compelled to rely upon reserve strength. The period during which it will be possible to organise this has shortened, but no general staff would dream of leaving it out of account for that reason.

Geography and economics must be responsible for wide differences in the time within which reserve

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE RÔLE OF LAND FORCES IN EUROPE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

forces can be made available. For example, those of Britain have to cross the water before they can intervene on the Continent. Those of Turkey will take long to assemble, equip and move to their stations because the communications throughout the greater part of the country are extremely primitive. In the technical work of mobilisation and concentration modern staffs have attained ever greater skill. Speed is invaluable, but it cannot be considered apart from the readiness of the forces to be used. Troops may be soldierly enough to fit into a mobilisation programme, to look something like soldiers, perhaps even to fight on a company or a battalion scale, without being fit for battle. It would be murderous as well as useless to commit them unless their formations were trained and integrated organisations. Yet the call for reserve forces might be expected to come unpleasantly soon. If battle were joined, the N.A.T.O. army in the West

would be able to reinforce the Regular Army within a very brief period, though I shall not commit myself to defining this. What I have written here is so obvious that the suggestion must have been under consideration.

Unhappily, when we quit the British Territorial Army, the situation is less inspiring. The usual Continental pattern of organisation is quite different. In the case of the French, divisions may be roughly grouped in three categories. First stand those almost complete in all respects so far as resources suffice. Second come those which could be mobilised, brought up to strength, and equipped very rapidly, but which in time of peace are maintained on a low establishment—very low in relation to former theories on the subject. They would be inferior to the first class, and less could be demanded of them. Nevertheless, they can fairly be classed and counted as "divisions." Finally, there are divisions which would be formed from the bottom up. They have nothing behind them except what may be called military cells. The men who would form them have indeed undergone a brief initial training, perhaps in some cases a little refresher training; but nothing whatever has been done to prepare these formations for war and, in fact, they have never existed. They should not be classed as divisions, and it is self-deceit to count them as such. They were, it would seem, so counted in the announcement made after the Lisbon Conference, but that has been widely criticised as a piece of window-dressing unlikely to impress those for whom it was prepared.

The danger, it need hardly be said, is that formations of this sort would not be given time to become effective, battle-worthy divisions. It may be asked whether there exists any possibility of remedying this state of affairs and transforming divisions in this category into formations up to the present standard of those of the British Territorial Army. If that is foreign to Continental ideas and traditions, the territorial principle is by no means so; it was at one time, for example, almost universally followed in the French and German Armies. A more serious difficulty is that it would involve initial capital expenditure on a fairly large scale, and the Governments of Western Europe feel that they are already spending more than they can afford on defence. Yet the step suggested would be likely in the long run to prove an economy. At present the covering forces, the shield, may well be considered out of proportion to the strength of the reserves. I hasten to add that I do not consider the shield too strong—the reverse is the case—but the possibility of reducing it somewhat might be brought nearer by affording it a more substantial backing. Without this a reduction in its strength would be a disastrous policy.

Under the pressure of danger and with the aid of American equipment and money the Continental nations have created defensive strength far greater than that of 1950. It has already exercised a good effect on the international situation in Europe. In the process, as was perhaps natural, the balance between covering forces and reserves has been lost. No risky experiments such as might lead to the organisation being caught half-way between two schemes could now be justified. Nevertheless, the time has come when some revision may at least be considered. The remarkable work achieved during the last two years or so may now be studied more objectively than was the case while it was being carried out, and all the emphasis lay on haste. It might be found feasible and within the bounds of safety to make it a more suitable instrument, and set it on a footing on which adjustments could more conveniently be made to meet future fluctuations in international relations.

If the views recently expressed by statesmen and soldiers are as well founded as we hope, if "shooting war" is indeed less likely in Europe, there is a good deal to be said for rendering the machinery of defence more elastic and putting it on a more permanent basis. At present it is still something of an improvisation. I trust I have made it plain that I am not suggesting any weakening. Unless I am mistaken, the development of modern weapons has not rendered the principle of the cushion or buffer in defence, which is accepted in tactics, out of date in the higher strategy. If, however, it is adopted, there must be no doubt about the quality of the structure on which the buffers are supported. The structure behind the buffers is the reserve strength of the nation.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE ON NOVEMBER 6.



EXAMINING CROSSES COMMEMORATING THE DEAD OF TWO WORLD WARS AND THOSE KILLED IN MALAYA AND KOREA: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH VISITING THE FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

On the evening of November 6 her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Field of Remembrance at St. Margaret's, Westminster, where they were received by Canon Smyth, Rector of St. Margaret's, Major-General Sir Richard Howard-Vyse, Chairman of the British Legion, and Sir Ian Fraser, M.P., the President of the British Legion. The Queen accepted a wooden cross similar to those planted by the public, except that a crown was imprinted above the poppy and this she placed in front of one planted earlier in the Field by the Chairman of the British Legion "in dutiful homage to the memory of King George VI." at the dedication service. The Duke of Edinburgh also planted a cross. Her Majesty and the Duke walked through the Field of Remembrance and asked officials about the various Regimental spaces. The Royal party also saw crosses planted by representatives of the Services to commemorate men killed in Malaya and Korea.

might be counted on to hold its own against whatever could be brought against it for at least a fortnight. Possibly it would be able to do so a good deal longer, but it would undoubtedly be weakened and battered in the struggle. What of the reserve forces in such a case, in which the next few weeks were the critical phase?

Very little would be available now inside a month and not, I imagine, much for some time later. Take first the British. It may seem surprising that I should deal with them first, because others are closer to the scene of action, but I do so deliberately. There are no exact equivalents on the Continent of the British divisions of the Territorial Army, and probably no reserve forces in as advanced a state of readiness. Yet the element of sea transport and the measures needed to protect it, over however short a distance, must be considered a handicap in their case. Perhaps the best to be hoped would be their transportation and employment successively, in echelons. If this were so it would manifestly be good policy to work up the first echelon to a state of readiness higher than that of the rest. In that case, I believe that it



# "WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF A SAILOR": HER MAJESTY AT LLOYD'S.



ARRIVING AT LLOYD'S RECEPTION IN LEADENHALL STREET, TO LAY THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW BUILDING IN LIME STREET: THE QUEEN, WITH (CENTRE) SIR LESLIE BOYCE, LORD MAYOR, 1951-2.



TESTING THE LEVEL OF THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW BUILDING IN LIME STREET AFTER SHE HAD LAID IT: THE QUEEN WITH (RIGHT) MR. MATTHEW DRYSDALE, CHAIRMAN OF LLOYD'S.



TAKING A TROWEL FULL OF MORTAR WITH WHICH TO LAY THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW BUILDING: H.M. THE QUEEN, WITH (RIGHT) MR. MATTHEW DRYSDALE, CHAIRMAN OF LLOYD'S. HER MAJESTY USED THE TROWEL, MALLET AND LEVEL WHICH WERE USED BY HER GRANDFATHER, GEORGE V., WHEN, TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO, HE LAID THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE PRESENT BUILDING.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, on November 6 attended an evening reception at Lloyd's, in Leadenhall Street and laid the foundation-stone of the institution's new building in Lime Street; crossing the thoroughfare through a covered way to the marquee on the new site under which the foundation-stone was situated. His late Majesty was to have laid the stone last November, but was prevented by illness. It was by his wish that the ceremony was an evening one, to avoid interruption of work and traffic

congestion. In the course of her reply to the loyal address on behalf of the Corporation read by Mr. Drysdale, the Queen said: "As the wife and daughter of a sailor I am proud to pay tribute to the invaluable services which, over the centuries, the members of your Corporation . . . have rendered to the Merchant Navy . . . and to the close connection between Lloyd's and the Royal Navy." The trowel, mallet and level handed to the Queen were those used by her grandfather, George V., when he laid the foundation-stone of the present building.



# IN KENYA TO-DAY: ANTI-MAU MAU ACTION, AND THE OPENING OF A NATIONAL THEATRE.



A PATROL OF THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS EXAMINING A TRAIL OF FOOTPRINTS IN THE KENYA BUSH, WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN EMPLOYED IN ROUNDING-UP SUSPECTS.



A GROUP OF KIKUYU SUSPECTS AWAITING QUESTIONING AFTER BEING ROUNDED UP IN THE FORT HALL DISTRICT—IN WHICH MAU MAU TERRORISM HAS BEEN VERY STRONG.



SOME OF THE 1000 KIKUYU TRIBESWOMEN WHO MARCHED ON A POLICE STATION 100 MILES FROM NAIROBI—AND STARTED A PROTEST WAR-DANCE.



BREAKING UP THE GATHERING OF TRIBESWOMEN WHICH MENACED A KENYA POLICE STATION. AFRICAN POLICE AND SOLDIERS DISPERSED THEM WITH LIGHT WANDS.



A PICTURE WHICH SUMS UP THE TENSION AND DRAMA OF THE DRIVE TO BREAK UP THE HOLD OF MAU MAU TERRORISM: QUESTIONING A SUSPECTED MAU MAU MEMBER.

On November 7 the Assistant Commissioner of Police (Crime) for Kenya issued a report on Mau Mau outrages. During the last five months thirty-seven people had been murdered in the most brutal and savage manner, thirty-four of them during August, September and October, and hundreds of law-abiding Africans had been threatened, assaulted, and had their homes burned, while thousands had been compelled by intimidation to take part in the disgusting and degrading Mau Mau oath-taking ceremony. On the same day Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Colonial Secretary, reported to the House of Commons on his visit to Kenya. He gave a



THE OTHER SIDE OF KENYA LIFE: THE NEW NATIONAL THEATRE, NAIROBI, OPENED ON NOVEMBER 6 BY THE GOVERNOR, SIR EVELYN BARING, AND SIR RALPH RICHARDSON.

pledge to "restore freedom from fear and to restore the Queen's peace," and said: "We are in the country to develop it, not to exploit it. Above all, we are in the country to stay." He spoke of the nature of Mau Mau, which, he said, was not a child of economic pressure, but of witchcraft, savagery and crime, feeding on a perverted nationalism and a sort of nostalgia for barbarism. On the previous day the first National Theatre in the Commonwealth was opened at Nairobi by Sir Evelyn Baring, and Sir Ralph Richardson, who had flown from London for the purpose. The theatre is for all races and is booked until April.





THE BRITISH CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES LEAVES PERSIA: MR. G. MIDDLETON (CENTRE) SHAKING HANDS IN FAREWELL WITH THE U.S. AMBASSADOR, MR. HENDERSON.



MRS. MIDDLETON, THE WIFE OF THE FORMER BRITISH CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES, SAYS GOOD-BYE TO HER ALSATIAN. MR. MIDDLETON IS SMOKING, CENTRE.



COLONEL C. H. DUNN, THE BRITISH MILITARY ATTACHÉ, SHAKING HANDS WITH THE PERSIAN COMMANDER OF THE ESCORT OF THE DIPLOMATIC CONVOY.



THE DIPLOMATS LEFT TEHERÁN IN THE EARLY MORNING AND BREAKFASTED BY THE ROADSIDE. DURING THIS HALT, A MESSAGE FROM DR. MOUSSADEK ARRIVED AND WAS REFUSED.



DURING THE PICNIC BREAKFAST, WHICH THE WIFE OF THE BELGIAN MINISTER COOKED: MR. MIDDLETON, CENTRE, WITH THE SWISS MINISTER, DR. ESCHER, LEFT.



MR. AND MRS. MIDDLETON GIVE THE "THUMBS UP" SIGN BEFORE STARTING. IN THE BACKGROUND, ONE OF THE LORRIES OF THE ESCORT OF PERSIAN GENDARMES.

#### THE BRITISH DIPLOMATS LEAVE PERSIA: SOME INCIDENTS OF THE 1200-MILE DRIVE ACROSS THE DESERT TO LEBANON.

The evacuation of the British Embassy in Teheran began on October 27, when the first party left by air for Beirut, but the main body, including the former Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. George Middleton, left by road on November 1. This party, which consisted of thirty-six of the Embassy staff, including seven women, travelled in a convoy of thirty cars with seven large lorries loaded with baggage and was escorted to the Persian-Iraqi border by two lorry-loads of armed Persian gendarmes. The convoy left Teheran very early in the morning and stopped for a picnic

breakfast by the roadside about 40 miles from the capital. Mme. Goffin, the wife of the Belgian Minister, cooked breakfast and the Italian Ambassador, Dr. Montenari, poured out champagne, while other foreign diplomats handed round cakes. During the picnic a Persian Foreign Ministry car drove up and the Assistant Foreign Minister, Abolhossein Mefta, attempted to deliver a message for the British people to Mr. Middleton. Mr. Middleton, pointing out that he was no longer Chargé d'Affaires, declined to accept it.





## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

SOME of my readers—if any—may remember a really colossal howler that I launched in one of these articles a year or two ago. I announced that the latest, correct name

of the plant we all know as *Morisia hypogaea* is now *Monantha hypogaea*. Very hot around the collar, I owned up the following week, and explained that the correct name was, of course, *Morisia monantha*. I had misread and misquoted my own note on the point, taken from a high botanical authority. One can not be too careful in handing out borrowed erudition! I feel however that this incident, this horror, this howler, entitles me to write with authority on the subject of howlers. Always they have enchanted me, as also have printers' errors, and all kindred slip-ups and absurdities. How I wish that I had noted down in a book the finer jewels of this kind that I have come upon during my long vegetable existence, so that I need not now rely upon a leaky memory.

The most fertile ground on which horticultural howlers and kindred delights are to be found lies among nursery catalogues and the works of popular novelists who treat their horticultural yearnings as stock-in-trade. How refreshing it is, then, to read Eden Phillpotts, Sir Compton Mackenzie and Francis Brett Young, each of whom is a practical, practising, knowledgeable gardener. When they touch on flowers and garden matters one can feel sure that they will not speak of "spotted laurels" when they mean the variegated aucuba; nor of "herbaceous shrubs." Nor will they refer to "hybrid" sweet peas. In general usage, hybrid is applied loosely to all sorts of things of dual or mixed origin or purpose. Parliament is full of hybrid factions and politicians. Chauffeur-gardener and cook-housekeeper might almost be called hybrid occupations. In gardening and botany the definition of a hybrid is more precise. The R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening" defines a hybrid as "a plant raised by crossing two species." Too often the term is used to describe some special race or strain of plants. It is used to suggest that the strain is choice, highly bred, almost as though it were thought that "hybrid" was a corruption of highly-bred. The derivation of the word appears to be obscure, uncertain. But the R.H.S. "Dictionary" is quite definite as to its meaning as applied to plants; and sweet peas—even the most modern strains and varieties—are not hybrids. They are not the result of crossing two species, but of selecting from one species, *Lathyrus odoratus*. No other species of *Lathyrus* has ever married into the family.

It is probable that the catalogues that I sent out from my Six Hills Nursery were stiff with howlers, but I am neither clever nor industrious enough to wade through nearly forty years of them to dig out prize specimens. I will make do with one delightful printer's error and one "deliberate mistake," or jape. The printer's error happened in the very early days. In the introduction to the catalogue, giving the nursery's location, I described the Six Hills as six Roman tumuli on a strip of turf alongside the Great North Road on the south side of Stevenage. "The nurseries," I wrote, "lie behind these hills." But compositors will have their little joke. In print it read: "The nurses lie behind these hills."

### HOWLERS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

My deliberate mistake—or jape—was made at the time when the play "Little Mary" was having a successful run in London. "Little Mary" in the play, you will remember, was a sort of cover or euphemism for the hero's stomach, or belly. Just at that time I had a stock of the miniature daisy called *Bellium minutum*. It had no English name. What more natural then than to give it the name that just then was on every lip—"Little Mary"—*Bellium minutum*? A feeble jape may be—but mine own. And it has carried to this day. Quite often

universe." That, I should add, was before transport was nationalised. He couldn't do it now.

I seem to remember having referred in a former article to the nurseryman who decided that all the plants in his catalogue should have English names. For plants which only possessed botanical Latin names, he coined, forged, or crudely translated. His loveliest effort was *Buddleia globosa*, which became the Globose Buddlebush.

Was it William Robinson or was it Ruskin who coined for Saxifrage the hateful and rather meaningless "Rockfoil"? What is wrong with Saxifrage, which at least has a meaning—the Stone-breaker, not because it grows upon rocks and disintegrates them with its roots. It comes from an ancient herbalistic linking up of the roots of the Meadow Saxifrage, *Saxifraga granulata*, with stone in the bladder. Around the base of the Meadow Saxifrage there occur curious little bulb-like granules, looking rather like small pebbles, from which, by the doctrine of signatures, the plant was supposed to—and, for all I know, did—cure stone in the bladder. I have never experimented. Did Mr. Robinson—or Mr. Ruskin—find this too coarse, too shaming, and so invent "Rockfoil"? Let me hasten to add that this explanation of the derivation of "Saxifrage" is ancient hearsay on my part, which I trust will not turn out as shaming for me as the *Morisia* episode.

The post-bag at my Six Hills Nursery brought me many amusing howlers—or misapprehensions, shall I call them. What ought I to have done in the case of an order for a packet of seed of our "seedless tomato"—send the next best thing, packed, like potato crisps, with a pinch of salt in a twist of paper? I seem to remember that we did something of that sort. Most charming of all was a letter from a gentle enthusiast who wrote: "The primula that you sent a year ago has changed into a dandelion—can this be the bees?" Nature doubtless is wonderful, but not all that wonderful. It was so charming, so charitable, so exactly the reverse of the too common belief that all nurserymen are cheats and rogues, that another primula was, of course, sent, and with it a tactful suggestion that almost certainly the dandelion had arrived a year ago as a dormant seed in the primula's surrounding soil, and germinated and flourished at the expense of its host. This gentle episode seems to suggest that the traditional way of explaining "the facts of life" to children by the analogy of bees and flowers is all wrong and topsy-turvy. How

much better and how much easier for the children to understand, if parents reversed the order of things, and explained the phenomena of the bees and flowers by the already well-understood mammalian analogy.

Of course you have read Sir Max Beerbohm's "Zuleika Dobson." But did you notice this? "Another farewell look he gave to the old vast horse-chestnut that is called Bishop Heber's tree. . . . With its towering and bulging masses of verdure tricked out all over in their annual finery of catkins, Bishop Heber's tree stood for the very type of ingenuous ostentation."

Almost I refrained from quoting this one. But we all make howlers, I probably more than most. It is some comfort to find myself in such excellent, such inimitable good company.



"THE STONE-BREAKER": *SAXIFRAGA GRANULATA*, THE MEADOW SAXIFRAGE, FROM A PLATE IN THE SUPPLEMENT TO WILLIAM WOODVILLE'S "MEDICAL BOTANY" (1794).

In accordance with the "doctrine of signatures"—the old herbalists' belief that each plant indicated in its form the disease it would cure—the granular, pebble-like knobs on the roots of the Meadow Saxifrage suggested that here was a herb which would cure stone-in-the-bladder; and accordingly the plant was called "Saxifraga"—the stone-breaker.

I see the tiny daisy referred to in serious garden articles by very serious gardeners as "*Bellium minutum* (Little Mary)".

In Reginald Farrer's old nursery catalogue there was one item, not so much a howler as an absurdity, which so enchanted me that it has remained lodged firmly in my untidy memory for thirty years or more. He described a certain small rare *Viola* species as "a wee, wee darling, beyond praise, and beyond price—7s. 6d." What an anticlimax. What a crash from the sublimely precious to the commercial.

To my great regret I no longer possess the catalogue in which a nurseryman boasted that owing to the great care and skill that he devoted to packing, he had "successfully sent plants to all parts of the





THE DAZZLING GLORY OF THE SETTING SUN: "SEPTEMBER EVENING";  
BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, D.B.E., R.A.

This remarkable painting by Dame Laura Knight, D.B.E., R.A., of the setting sun blazing in molten splendour through the branches of a group of trees, was an outstanding exhibit in this year's Royal Academy. Dame Laura Knight is the wife of the well-known painter Mr. Harold Knight, R.A. She studied at Nottingham School of Art, and won the gold, silver and bronze medals, South Kensington and Princess

of Wales' Scholarship. She first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1903, was elected an A.R.A. in 1927 and an R.A. in 1936, and created a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire in 1929. She is represented by works in many public galleries and museums in this country, various lands of the British Commonwealth, and elsewhere abroad. She is the author of "Oil Paint and Grease Paint," published in 1936.

*Reproduced from the painting by Dame Laura Knight, D.B.E., R.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy 1952. Copyright reserved.*



EDWARD SEAGO is correctly described as a "painter in the English tradition." This is the sub-title for the new volume, "Edward Seago," which contains 88 plates reproducing his landscapes, seventeen of which are in colour. In the introductory text, Horace Shipp discusses the sources from which our great school of landscape painting derives. He refers to the fact that Reynolds, in one of his Discourses, spoke of art as the "coming together of Nature and Notions." This is an admirable definition of the vision and the accomplishment of the painter—perhaps, above all, of the landscape painter, who sees the beauty of the world through the glass of his own personality, and thus reveals a vision of new beauty to the less-gifted beholder—and it fits the work of Edward Seago. To quote Horace Shipp, "Not that this art of Edward Seago, grounded deeply in nature though it be, is to be confused with realism or mere representation. His pictures based on places, like Constable's own, are not topographical, not

(Continued above, centre.)



"THE SQUALL." OIL. 36 BY 28 INS. (By courtesy of Colnaghi's Galleries.)



"BEACH SCENE WITH FIGURES; YARMOUTH." OIL. 36 BY 28 INS. (By courtesy of Colnaghi's Galleries.)

(Continued)

"that kind of landscape which is entirely occupied with the same delineation of a given spot," to quote Fuseli's phrase castigating the duller topographical art of his day. The place, the chance exciting light and the colour which it creates; these are only the starting-point for each excursion into art. Edward Seago's painting has as much call to be termed "modern"—that loose, equivocal word—as the most subjective contemporary art." Mr. Seago was born in 1910 at Norwich. He was a delicate boy and had to spend much time lying down—the time which he employed gazing at the clouds and the sky, and sketching their ever-changing beauty. Later he studied with Bernard Priestman, and he began to exhibit his work when in his teens. He has held one-man exhibitions in London frequently since 1933, and his work is known and appreciated in New York and in Toronto. Early in his career he was attracted by the idea of the author-artist, and he published his first books, "Circus Company" and "Sons of Sawdust"—volumes containing reproductions of his sketches and paintings, with complementary text—when he was in the early twenties. "Caravan" appeared in 1926. "The Country Scene," with John Masefield, in 1936, and "Peace in War" and "High

Endeavour," which came out in 1943 and 1944, are records of war service, while "With the Allied Armies" in Italy was produced as the result of a personal invitation from Field Marshal Lord Alexander, who himself wrote the introduction to it. Seven years later Lord Alexander opened Seago's exhibition of paintings at the Laing Galleries, Toronto. Seago is not only a landscape painter; he is also a portraitist, and had the honour of being commissioned to paint his late Majesty, King George VI, and his Queen, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. It may be remembered that in 1948 these Royal portraits were exhibited at Colnaghi's, where Seago has held a series of annual one-man shows; and the scene of his 1952 exhibition due to open on November 19. Seago's sitters have also included Field Marshal Lord Alexander, who sat for his portrait at the time of the Italian Campaign. "Of more recent times, there has invariably been a portrait 'on the easel'; commissions from those who enjoyed the promise of the loose and easy technique characteristic of his brush, or studies of friends in whom Seago himself has seen a subject to his liking"; and he has made some self-portraits. "How emphatic a part this portraiture is likely to play in his future," continues

(Continued above, right.)



"THE CLIFFS AT HUNSTANTON." OIL. 24 BY 18 INS. (By courtesy of the Laing Galleries, Toronto.)

(Continued.) Horace Shipp, "it is not easy to tell. There is always the possibility that the challenge of its very special problems will prove irresistible. . . . At present it remains the successful diversion of a painter still primarily concerned with landscape, but who, because of his own arduous self-discipline in every kind of subject, finds himself entirely capable of dealing with it when the subject happens to be, as old Nicholas Hillard delightfully says, a 'countenance notably expressed'." The four landscapes in oils which we reproduce on these pages are characteristic examples of Seago's art. They are among the coloured plates in "Edward Seago; Painter in the English Tradition," published at £4.4s. with a limited de luxe edition of eighty-five copies at £8.8s.

Reproduced from "Edward Seago; Painter in the English Tradition," with Introductory Text by Horace Shipp; by Courtesy of the Publishers, William Collins and Co.





LENT TO THE IMPORTANT EXHIBITION OF DUTCH ART DUE TO OPEN AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY ON NOVEMBER 22: "LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES BY ADRIAEN VAN DE VELDE" (c. 1635-1672), ATTRIBUTED TO JAKOB VAN RUISDAEL (c. 1630-1682).

THIS seventeenth-century landscape is among the works lent by numerous private collectors in this country to the Exhibition of Dutch Art which is due to open on Saturday, November 22, at the Royal Academy Galleries, Burlington House, as the winter display there. It is attributed to Jakob van Ruisdael, one of the great landscape painters of the Netherlands, who found inspiration in the woods, fields and rivers of his native land, and in coastal and maritime scenes. Many of his paintings are provided with figures by Adriaen van de Velde, who assisted a number of his contemporaries, including Hobbema, Van der Heyden, Wynants and others in this manner. The forthcoming Exhibition of Dutch Art will include 600 works lent from collections in this country, and though these will be reinforced by important loans from the great museums of the Netherlands, it will provide an interesting representation of the taste of British collectors, who as early as the late seventeenth century, began to buy paintings of the Dutch school. Their purchases exercised a considerable influence on the history of art in this country, for the eighteenth-century British landscape painters, the great Gainsborough and his contemporaries, saw and admired the landscapes of the artists of the Low Countries in the houses of the wealthy in England; fell under their spell and learned much from them. It is not surprising that paintings of the Dutch School have always been greatly admired in this country, for there are many points of similarity between the British and the peoples of the Low Countries. In the Golden Age of Dutch art, the seventeenth century, the stout burghers were rich, home-loving, solid folk, who encouraged artists to paint the interiors of their well-kept, comfortably-furnished houses, and to portray their daily life, or to make excursions into the peasant world and depict jolly, rustic junketings and country scenes. They liked their art to represent life as they knew it, and the masterly, full-blooded works, painted for them by men who kept both feet well on the ground, appealed to the British taste as strongly 300 years ago as they do to-day.





THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW SWEEPS DOWN LUDGATE HILL, WITH THE BAND OF THE ROYAL MARINES—ONE OF THE TWELVE BANDS IN THE 900-YARD-LONG PROCESSION—PASSING THE LUDGATE GARDENS AND A "BRITANNIA" PETITIONING THE LORD MAYOR FOR A CITY SHAKESPEARE THEATRE.



THE NEW LORD MAYOR—SIR RUPERT DE LA BÈRE—LEAVING GUILDHALL IN THE BRILLIANTLY RESPLENDENT COACH, WHICH FORESHADOWS THE GLORIES OF THE COMING CORONATION, WITH HIS ESCORT OF PIKEMEN OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY IN BURNISHED STEEL ARMOUR AND GLOWING RED UNIFORMS.

THE CITY'S OWN PAGEANTRY—AND A FORETASTE OF THE SPLENDOURS OF THE CORONATION: THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW OF SIR RUPERT DE LA BÈRE.

On the grey November morning of November 10—but in still air and no rain—the Lord Mayor's Show attracted great crowds of sightseers. It was, however, more of a military parade than a civic show and there were no symbolic or propaganda floats. Soldiers, sailors, marines, men of the R.A.F., women of the W.R.A.C. and the W.R.A.F., a detachment of the City's own Home Guard, members of the R.N.V.R. and the Royal Marine Forces Volunteer Reserve, special constables, auxiliary firemen, members of the Civil Defence Corps and of the

City's National Hospital Reserve marched in a 900-yard procession divided by no fewer than twelve military bands. High in the procession fluttered standards of the British Legion. A fanfare from the trumpeters of the Household Cavalry announced the arrival at the Law Courts of the brilliantly refurbished Lord Mayor's coach. The return of the procession followed a shortened route by way of Norfolk Street, the Embankment and Queen Victoria Street. Three guilds—the Wheelwrights, the Basketmakers and the Skinners—were represented.



## MATTERS MARINE, A ROYAL OCCASION AND OTHER ITEMS: PICTORIAL NEWS.



STEAMING THROUGH SYDNEY HEADS FOR THE LAST TIME AFTER THIRTY-FIVE YEARS' SERVICE: THE ORIENT LINER *ORMONDE* HOMEWARD BOUND ON A CALM SEA.

A thirty-five-year-old link between England and Australia was broken on October 1, when the 14,981-ton Orient liner *Ormonde* steamed through Sydney Heads for the last time, homeward bound. She is to be replaced on the Australian run by the new 28,000-ton *Orsova* early in 1954.



TO BE EMPLOYED AS A RELIEF SHIP ON THE NIGHT SERVICES TO IRELAND: THE RECENTLY COMPLETED 3600-TON MOTOR-SHIP *IRISH COAST*.

Messrs. Harland and Wolff recently completed at their Belfast shipyard the motor-ship *Irish Coast*, built to the order of Coast Lines, Ltd., and the new vessel, having successfully completed her sea trials, has been handed over. She is to serve as a relief ship on the night services to Ireland.



BASED ON THE ARCHITECT'S PROVISIONAL DRAWINGS: A MODEL OF LLOYD'S NEW BUILDING, SHOWING THE SOUTHERN FAÇADE.

On another page in this issue we illustrate the ceremony when, on November 6, her Majesty the Queen laid the foundation-stone of the new Lloyd's building which is to be erected on a bombed site opposite the present building. Here we show a model of the new building, based on the architect's (Mr. Terence Heysham) plans.



A ROYAL VISIT TO THE INTERNATIONAL COOKERY EXHIBITION: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER INSPECTING THE EXHIBITS AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL.

A two-day exhibition "International Kitchen," opened at the Royal Festival Hall on November 4. Organised by the Gas Council, the exhibition was designed to stimulate the imagination of British housewives. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visited the exhibition on the first day.



MAKING THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE TOGETHER IN PUBLIC SINCE THEIR WEDDING: MARSHAL TITO AND MME. YOVANKA BROZ AT THE ZAGREB OPERA ON NOVEMBER 4.

It was disclosed in September, during Mr. Anthony Eden's visit to Yugoslavia, that Marshal Josif Broz Tito had married for the third time earlier in the year. Marshal Tito and his wife made their first appearance together in public on November 4, when they attended a performance of "Aida" at the Zagreb Opera.



CAVIAR FOR THE GENERAL: THE EGYPTIAN PRIME MINISTER, GENERAL NEGUIB, (RIGHT) WITH A PLATEFUL OF THE DELICACY AT A SOVIET RECEPTION.

The Egyptian Prime Minister, General Neguib, recently attended a reception at the Soviet Legation in Cairo, held to celebrate the thirty-fifth anniversary of the October Revolution. He is seen being served with caviar by the Russian Chargé d'Affaires, M. Sergei Kiktev, whose wife stands beside him.



# SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

# PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



**INSTALLED AS LORD MAYOR OF LONDON ON NOVEMBER 8: SIR RUPERT DE LA BÈRE.**  
Sir Rupert de la Bère, Conservative M.P. for South Worcestershire, citizen and Skinner, was installed on November 8 as Lord Mayor of London for the civic year beginning on November 9. The new Lord Mayor, who is fifty-nine, is a past-Master of the Skinners' Company.



**MR. GILBERT FRANKAU.**  
Died on November 4, aged sixty-eight. A well-known author and journalist, he had written more than forty books. Educated at Eton, he entered his father's business in 1904, and started writing in 1910. He served in the Army in World War I, and in the R.A.F.V.R. in World War II. He was the first editor of *Britannia* in 1928.



**LORD CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES.**  
Elected Rector of St. Andrews University in succession to Lord Burghley. He received 608 votes; the Rev. Michael Scott, 321; Lord Reith, 305; Mr. Hugh Fraser, 104; and Sir Miles Thomas, 63. Lord Crawford, who is fifty-one, succeeded his father as Earl of Crawford and Balcarras in 1947.



**THE DEATH OF AN AMERICAN LABOUR LEADER: MR. PHILIP MURRAY.**  
Died on November 9 in San Francisco, aged sixty-six. He had been president of the American Congress of Industrial Organisations since 1940, and of the United Steelworkers of America since 1942. He was a native of Scotland and emigrated to the United States at the age of sixteen. In 1911 he became a naturalised American.



**DR. A. J. P. MARTIN.**  
Awarded, with Dr. R. L. M. Synge, the Nobel Chemistry Prize, 1952. Dr. Archer Martin, who is aged forty-two, receives the award for his joint work on chromatography, a method of chemical analysis. He is head of the Department of Physical Chemistry at the National Institute for Medical Research.



**DR. R. L. M. SYNGE.**  
Awarded, with Dr. A. J. P. Martin, the Nobel Chemistry Prize, 1952, for his joint work in chromatography. Aged thirty-eight, he worked with Dr. Martin at Cambridge University and, later, at the Wool Industries Research Association's Laboratories. He is now with the Rowett Research Institute.



**M. FRANÇOIS MAURIAC.**  
The distinguished French Roman Catholic novelist, awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, 1952. M. Mauriac was born in 1885, and has been a member of the Academy since 1933. His books include "Le Nœud des Vipères," "Le Baiser au Lépreux" and "Thérèse Desqueyroux."



**SIR REGINALD COUPLAND.**  
Died suddenly on November 6, aged sixty-eight. He was Beit Professor of the History of the British Empire at Oxford from 1920 to 1948. He was a Fellow of All Souls College, 1920-48, and a Fellow of Nuffield College, 1939-50. From 1936 to 1937 he served on the Palestine Royal Commission.



**THE DEATH OF THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF ISRAEL AND THE FOREMOST STATESMAN OF INTERNATIONAL JEWRY: DR. CHAIM WEIZMANN.**  
Dr. Chaim Weizmann, the first President of Israel, died on November 9 at his home at Rehovoth less than three weeks before his seventy-eighth birthday. He had long suffered from *angina pectoris* and had been seriously ill for over a year. A scientist of the first rank, he devoted his whole life to furthering the cause of Zionism and he lived to see the completion of his work and the justification of his faith in the foundation of an independent Jewish State.



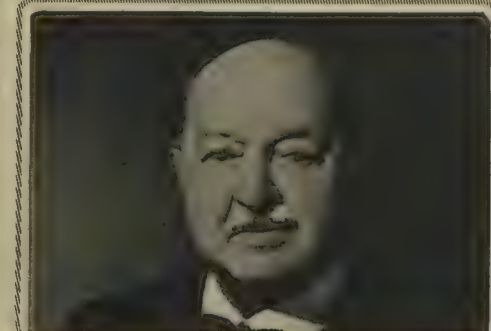
**ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED: PRINCESS JOSEPHINE CHARLOTTE OF BELGIUM AND PRINCE JEAN OF LUXEMBURG, HEREDITARY GRAND DUKE.**  
The engagement was announced on November 7 of Princess Josephine Charlotte, sister of King Baudouin of Belgium, to Prince Jean of Luxembourg, heir to the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. Princess Josephine, who is twenty-five, is King Leopold's only daughter by his first marriage to the late Queen Astrid. Prince Jean, who was educated at Ampleforth College in Yorkshire, is thirty-one.



**THE NEW CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF: GENERAL SIR JOHN HARDING.**  
Took up his appointment as Chief of the Imperial General Staff in succession to Field Marshal Sir William Slim, on November 1. He was previously C-in-C. of the British Army of the Rhine. The C.I.G.S. is the professional adviser of the Secretary of State for War.



**MR. JOHN HALL.**  
Elected Conservative M.P. for the Wycombe Division in the by-election on November 4. Mr. John Hall polled 26,750 votes, a majority of 2100 over his Labour opponent, Mr. J. E. Haire. The by-election was caused by the succession of Mr. W. W. Astor to the peerage. At the General Election the Conservative majority was 1753.



**SIR MONTAGU BUTLER.**  
Died on November 7 at the age of seventy-nine. From 1925 to 1933 he was Governor of the Central Provinces of India, after which he was for five years Lieut.-Governor of the Isle of Man. He was Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge, from 1937 to 1948. His elder and only surviving son, Mr. R. A. Butler, is Chancellor of the Exchequer.



**THE COUNTESS OF DERBY, WHO GAVE EVIDENCE AT PRESCOT OF THE SHOOTING AT KNOWSLEY HALL.**  
Lady Derby gave evidence on November 6 at Prescott Magistrates' Court when Harold Winstanley was committed for trial at Manchester Assizes on a charge of murdering Walter Stallard and Douglas Stuart on October 9 at Knowsley Hall. She described how she was wounded by a shot and fell to the floor.



## THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET, AND OTHER TOPICS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET: THE SCENE AT GUILDHALL, SHOWING THE LORD MAYOR, SIR RUPERT DE LA BÈRE, AT THE TOP TABLE WITH SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL GUESTS. ON THE LORD MAYOR'S LEFT IS MR. CHURCHILL AND LADY DE LA BÈRE, AND ON HIS RIGHT SIR LESLIE BOYCE, THE RETIRING LORD MAYOR, AND LADY BOYCE.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, attended the Lord Mayor's Banquet at Guildhall on November 10, and replied to the toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers." The scene this year was televised for the first time. The Lord Mayor, Sir Rupert De la Bère, M.P., presided over a distinguished company of more

than 700 guests. Mr. Churchill, who made a review of foreign affairs, traditional on these occasions, spoke with his usual fire and humour and had a great reception from the assembly. He spoke of the U.S. Presidential election; Korea, Egypt, Western Defence and Germany's rôle in Europe.



PAINTING A MURAL BY LONG-DISTANCE CONTROL: SEIJI TOGO DIRECTING OPERATIONS WITH THE AID OF BINOCULARS AND A "WALKIE-TALKIE" IN KYOTO, JAPAN.

Our photograph shows Seiji Togo, head of the Nika Art School, directing the painting of a mural on the Asahi Kaikan Building, in Kyoto, Japan. He remains about 100 yards from the building so as to get the proper perspective of the whole mural, which will cover 7200 square feet.



PAINTED BY THE FRENCH COMMUNIST LEADER, M. JACQUES DUCLOS: AN EXHIBIT AT A CURRENT EXHIBITION AT THE SALON D'AUTOMNE, IN PARIS.

This painting by a politician-artist has been arousing some interest at the Salon d'Automne, in Paris, at the annual exhibition of work by contemporary painters. It is by M. Jacques Duclos, who is the acting head of the French Communist Party during the absence in Russia of M. Thorez.



PASSING THROUGH THE HOUSE OF LORDS DURING THEIR TRADITIONAL SEARCH: MEMBERS OF THE QUEEN'S BODYGUARD OF THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.



SEARCHING THE VAULTS BEFORE THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: MEMBERS OF THE QUEEN'S BODYGUARD OF THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD LED BY AN EXON. Since Guy Fawkes tried to blow up King and Parliament in 1605, the Sovereign's own bodyguard—the Yeomen of the Guard—carry out a solemn search of the vaults before the opening of each session of Parliament, to make sure that there are no barrels of gunpowder and that it is a safe place for the Sovereign to come to. Until King Edward VIII. came to the throne, in 1936, beards had to be worn by the members of the King's (now Queen's) Bodyguard of the Yeomen of the Guard, but Edward VIII. made the wearing of beards optional.



# EUROPE, ASIA AND AMERICA: TOPICAL NEWS ITEMS FROM THREE CONTINENTS.



THE BUILDING-UP OF THE STORM WHICH WRECKED LYNMOUTH LAST AUGUST: A PAINTING BY LIEUT.-COMMANDER WEBB, BELIEVED TO BE THE ONLY RECORD OF THE SCENE. This painting by Lieut.-Commander Webb, deputy secretary of King George's Fund for Sailors, shows the building-up over Lynmouth during the afternoon of August 15, 1952, of the disastrous storm. Believed to be the only record of any view of the scene, it is to be exhibited in London.



BUILT AT LYNMOUTH FOR INHABITANTS OF LYNMOUTH RENDERED HOMELESS BY THE AUGUST STORM. CORNISH UNIT HOUSES. THEY ARE BEING INSPECTED BY MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC. The work of reconstruction, and the rehousing of inhabitants of Lynmouth rendered homeless by the great storm and floods of last August, is proceeding well. Our photograph shows members of the public examining some of the Cornish unit houses built at Lynton for Lynmouth families.



BEING TESTED "FOR ITS EFFECT ON PEDESTRIANS AND NIGHT MOTORISTS": LIGHT-REFLECTING EQUIPMENT FOR NIGHT DUTY POLICE IN BRUNSWICK, GERMANY. Special equipment for police on night duty has been tested in Brunswick. The cap, belt and "bat" for directing cars are grey in day time, but at night reflect car lights. The tests are, it is reported, to discover "the effect on pedestrians and night motorists."



"LEOPARD MEN" OF THE U.N. IN KOREA: A PARTY OF U.S. MARINES IN CAMOUFLAGE KIT, STUDYING MAPS BEFORE A NIGHT MISSION. The "leopard" outfit worn by men of the U.S. Marine Corps in Korea is exceedingly effective camouflage. This famous corps has taken an active part in the fighting in Korea and, it will be remembered, made the first helicopter combat landing in history on September 20, 1951, when a squadron of ten passenger H.R.S.-1 Sikorsky helicopters deposited a reinforced company of Marines on a Korean mountain-top without a casualty.



INSPECTING AN ANCIENT ARMOURD COAT OF A TYPE WORN CENTURIES AGO IN KOREA: A U.S. MARINE. Protective vests are part of the equipment worn by United Nations troops fighting in Korea to-day. Their construction is very similar to that of the ancient armoured coats worn centuries ago there; though the material of which they are made is different. The U.S. Marine in our photograph is pondering over this fact.

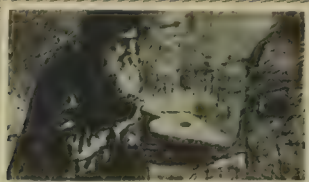


DESTINED PERHAPS TO BE THE SUMMER "WHITE HOUSE"—THE FARMHOUSE AND BARN OF THE FARM OWNED BY PRESIDENT-ELECT EISENHOWER, NEAR GETTYSBURG. This farmhouse lies in a 188-acre farm owned by President-elect Eisenhower, some eighty miles from Washington, near Gettysburg, in Adams County of South-Central Pennsylvania. General Eisenhower was born in Denison, Texas, but spent his youth in Abilene, Kansas, with his five brothers, in poor circumstances or, in the American phrase, "on the wrong side of the tracks."

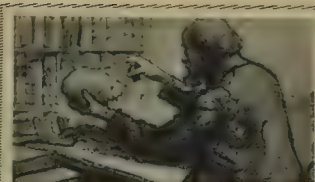


WHERE A POLICE CONSTABLE WAS SHOT DEAD AND A DETECTIVE-OFFICER WOUNDED WHEN TRYING TO ARREST SUSPECTS: THE WAREHOUSE IN WEST CROYDON. On November 2 P.C. Sydney Miles was shot dead and Detective-Officer J. Fairfax wounded. They ordered two men on a roof to come down. When police officers ascended by a ladder, there was a scuffle and shots, during which the police constable was killed and the detective-officer wounded. A youth was charged on November 3 before Croydon Borough magistrates with being concerned with the murder.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### ANIMAL LEGENDS: A SUMMING-UP.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT is now time to review the results of the twelve analyses of animal legends that have been appearing on this page since the beginning of August. These started, with a series of four, somewhat fortuitously, because I had received, at about the same time, three requests from readers for my opinion on the well-known stories of the Fox and the Fleas, the Hedgehog carrying off Apples, and the Stoat's (or Weasel's) Funeral. More or less simultaneously, the story of the Turkey's Ceremonial came my way. The four seemed to make a good series for August. The remaining eight were written by special request. Whatever may have been the result of these twelve analyses in other respects, they have brought me a large number of most interesting letters from readers. These suggest that, in spite of the scepticism expressed by some of my zoologist colleagues, these stories must be treated as legends only in so far as they are long-standing beliefs which cannot be subject to direct scientific proof.

Several of the letters about the Hedgehog and Apples start with the words: "Of course they do, I have seen it myself," or some variant on this. Two describe how, when the writers were children, windfall apples disappeared suddenly and markedly from the garden. One writer tells how her father accused her and her brothers and sisters of taking these. Their denials led him to keep watch that evening. The result was that for several evenings running the whole family watched a hedgehog carrying apples away, after having impaled them on its spines by rolling on them. On the other hand, I have myself kept careful watch on windfalls in the garden, and under several crab-apple trees in the wood near by, where hedgehogs are known to forage, without seeing any sign of this behaviour. A zoologist friend has met with similar lack of success. Since long and tedious observation stands little chance of success, could anything better be done by experimental methods? Could we, for example, keep one or more hedgehogs in a compound

stoats. I have received notes of similar processions having been observed in stoats and weasels, in badgers, bears, langurs—and domestic cats. None of these sheds real light on the significance of such processions, but in several instances they are linked with an actual interment of the corpse.

Rats seem to be very given to taking eggs, rolling them with their noses, clasping them with their fore-legs, even jumping from a kitchen-table to the floor clasping an egg. When taken by more than one rat, the animal acting as the carrier is dragged by the tail, by a straw held in its mouth, or by a feather held athwart its mouth, the two ends of the feather

it towards the hole in the bamboo wall. Often the carrier rat would assist by pushing the ground with its hind-feet.

My informant continued that, try as he would, he could never observe how the egg was lifted out of the dish. He merely saw it appear. He was able, however, to play all manner of tricks on the rats, such as putting obstacles in their way, but always they found a way round. On one occasion, he put something under the legs of the table at one end to tilt the table, hoping to see the egg roll off when the first rat had laid it down and was standing up to let the second rat out. As soon as the egg started to roll, the rat wrapped its tail round it and held it while it released its companion.

There were, of course, many more details given in this hour's talk than we have space for here, but one most interesting point should be mentioned, that over and over again I found details being given that had occurred in one or another of the other letters on rats.

After this had been written I received a letter from the U.S.A. referring me to a paper in the *Scientific Monthly* by Dr. E. W. Gudger, who collected all the accounts of two rats transporting eggs, from the earliest, in a thirteenth-century Persian manuscript, down to the nineteenth century. All were in books inaccessible to the ordinary person. Even the *Scientific Monthly* itself is inaccessible to all in this country but the scientific reader, and he must make a search for it. We may rule out, therefore, that the writers of the letters I received were influenced by these works, yet Gudger's collection of stories tallied in the sum total of their details with those I had received by post. This coincidence is too remarkable to be overlooked.

To round off, I should like to give the contents of one letter in full, if only as a sample of the many received. The writer gives the story as related by a friend, who saw a rat upside down on its back, with a hen's-egg in its paws, being dragged by another

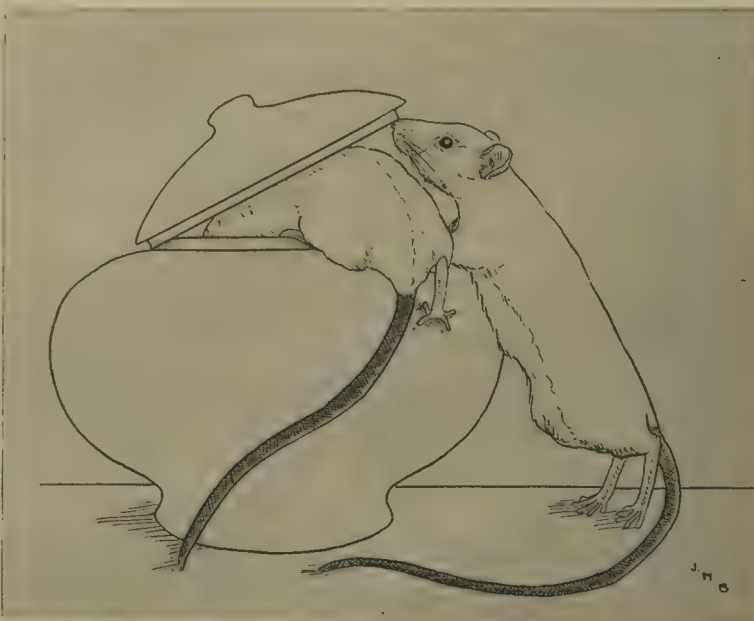


FIG. 1. A PERFORMANCE WITNESSED NIGHTLY FOR SEVEN WEEKS BY A READER AND DESCRIBED IN THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE: ONE RAT LIFTS THE LID OF A VEGETABLE-DISH WITH ITS NOSE TO ENABLE A SECOND RAT TO CLIMB INSIDE.

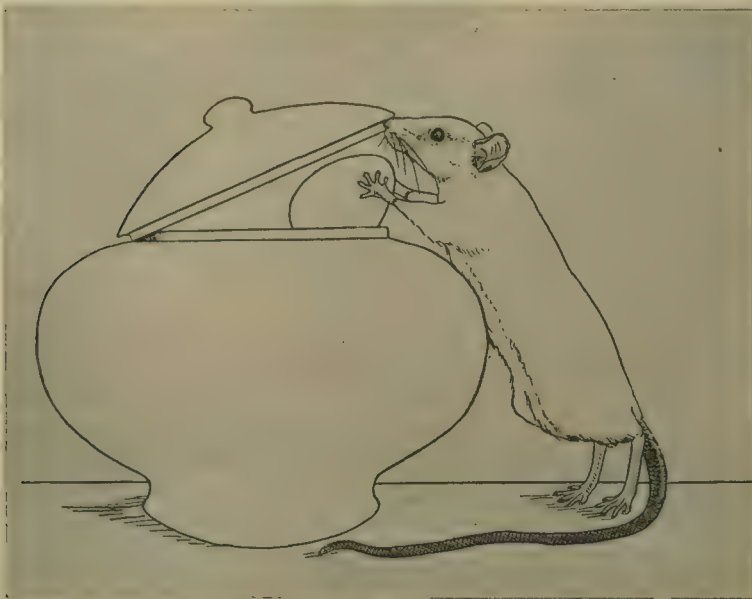


FIG. 2. THE SECOND RAT PASSES AN EGG TO THE FIRST RAT. IN SPITE OF REPEATED ATTEMPTS, THE NARRATOR OF THIS STORY FAILED TO OBSERVE HOW THE EGG WAS LIFTED UP.

being held in the mouths of the two rats dragging the other along.

One reader wrote me saying that when, as a mining engineer in Sumatra, he lived in a bungalow, he kept his eggs in a vegetable-dish on a table against the wall. Finding the eggs disappeared, he accused his Javanese servants of taking them. Their flat denials caused him to keep watch, when he saw two rats come out of the wall and remove an egg. He told me, in his letter, that thereafter he watched this

performance every evening for seven weeks, after which he went away from the district to another job.

The writer of this letter very generously offered to call on me and give me the full details. We met, and for nearly an hour he told me, with the aid of drawings and diagrams, this remarkable story. The smaller of the two rats would come out first, put its fore-feet on the upper part of the "belly" of the dish, push its nose under the edge of the lid and lift it. The larger rat then jumped up and into the dish, to disappear from sight. In a short while, an egg would appear over the rim of the dish, which the first rat would take and gently lower to the table. During this part of the performance it was obliged, of course, to let the lid down. Having deposited the egg on the table, it then stood up again and raised the lid with its nose to let the second rat out. After this, the first rat lay on its back and, assisted by the second rat, raised the egg on to its belly, holding it with its fore-feet. Thereupon the second rat, seizing the recumbent rat by the ear, by the throat, or the scruff of the neck, dragged



FIG. 3. HAVING PUT THE EGG ON THE TABLE, THE FIRST RAT AGAIN RAISES THE LID OF THE DISH TO LET OUT THE SECOND RAT, WHICH HAS BEEN TEMPORARILY IMPRISONED WHILE THE EGG WAS BEING LOWERED.

From the drawings by Jane Burton.

suitably supplied with apples and await results? This, it seems, is no advance on watching under natural circumstances. The only conclusion to be drawn, after thinking round and about this problem, is that it is a trick performed by certain individuals under certain undefined circumstances. This point is elaborated on pages 820-821.

Corroboration of the Fox and Fleas story has been forthcoming in other letters received. It is always possible, of course, that a number of people in widely separated parts of the British Isles have been inspired to play a gentle hoax on me. If so, then their letters are skilfully written, for they bear the impress of truth. So is it with those letters dealing with "Compassionate Killings" and instances of succour given to injured comrades. The best part of the mail received, however, and this includes letters from many parts of the world, relates to the so-called "funerals" and to rats carrying eggs, and especially to the latter.

A "funeral" procession was depicted on this page on August 16, in which four stoats carried the corpse of a fifth stoat, followed by a double line of other

rat, from a laying-box, across a pig-sty and into a rat-hole. The erect rat had the tail of the recumbent rat over its shoulder. The procession moved forward by halts and starts because the leading rat, from a stationary position and erect on its haunches, bent forward to draw the other rat along by its tail. Moving forward a pace, it repeated the bending and dragging. So, eventually, the two rats, with the egg undamaged, disappeared into the hole. The distance from the laying-box to the hole was about 10 ft. The pigs in the sty took no notice of the rats, who seemed to be oblivious of the human spectator.

My correspondent says that to test the story he asked his friend why he had not followed his natural inclination and tried to kill the rats. The reply: "If you was seeing a queer thing you never heard of afore, you wouldn't have killed them rats either." (The one consistent note in the letters on rats is that all the writers were sufficiently interested not to want to kill the performers, and several have described watching again and again to see them at the same trick.)



TAKEN THROUGH A DIRTY WINDOW WITH AN OLD CAMERA: AIR VIEWS OF KILIMANJARO.



TAKEN FROM THE VICKERS *VISCOUNT* WHEN IT WAS ON ALTITUDE TRIALS: THE CRATER OF MT. KILIMANJARO. THE WING-TIP OF THE AIRCRAFT IS VISIBLE (LEFT).



SHOWING A SEA OF CLOUDS IN THE BACKGROUND AND THE TIP OF THE WING OF THE AIRCRAFT FROM WHICH IT WAS TAKEN (RIGHT): THE PEAK OF KILIMANJARO, TANGANYIKA TERRITORY, EAST AFRICA.

On this page we reproduce four air photographs of the crater of Mt. Kilimanjaro (19,321 ft.), Tanganyika Territory, East Africa, the highest known summit of the continent. They are fine pictures, but what renders them specially remarkable is that they were taken at about 23,000 ft. through the double Perspex cabin window of the Vickers *Viscount* aircraft when it was in Africa on altitude trials, when the windows were dirty after 15,000 ft. of cloud, with a child's camera which the owner had had when at school some thirty years ago—not altogether a bad



THE HIGHER OF THE TWO PRINCIPAL SUMMITS OF MT. KILIMANJARO: KIBO, THE WEST PEAK, A TRUNCATED CONE WITH A NEARLY PERFECT EXTINCT CRATER.



TAKEN THROUGH THE CABIN WINDOW WHEN DIRTY, WITH A CHILD'S CAMERA WHICH THE OWNER HAD HAD WHEN AT SCHOOL SOME THIRTY YEARS AGO: ONE OF A REMARKABLE SERIES OF AIR VIEWS OF THE CRATER OF MT. KILIMANJARO.

advertisement for British workmanship! Kilimanjaro has two principal summits, Kibo (west) and Mawenzie (east). Kibo, the higher, is a truncated cone with a nearly perfect extinct crater which marks a comparatively recent period of volcanic activity. The lava slopes of Kibo are covered to a depth of some 200 ft. with an ice-cap which, where ravines occur, takes the form of genuine glaciers. The crater, which has an interior diameter of rather over 2000 yards, is partly covered by ice, and in part by a bare cone of ashes.



# RISING ONCE MORE FROM THE RUINS: THE FAMOUS ABBEY OF MONTE CASSINO.



RISING ONCE AGAIN: THE ABBEY AT MONTE CASSINO WHICH IS NOW BEING REBUILT.  
 IT WAS FOUNDED BY ST. BENEDICT IN 529.



BEING RECONSTRUCTED: THE FRONT PART OF THE CHURCH OF ST. BENEDICT  
 INSIDE THE ABBEY. THE PREVIOUS CHURCH WAS ERECTED IN 1637-1727.



RESURRECTED FROM THE RUINS: ONE OF THE NEW COURTYARDS OF THE ABBEY WHICH IS BEING  
 REBUILT AND IS SEEN STILL PARTLY FILLED WITH DÉBRIS.



REPLACING THE ANCIENT EDIFICE FOUNDED BY ST. BENEDICT AND MANY  
 TIMES DESTROYED DURING THE CENTURIES: THE NEW ABBEY CHURCH.



GROWING UP AGAIN ALONGSIDE THE RUINS: THE ABBEY OF MONTE CASSINO, WHICH  
 WAS DECLARED A "NATIONAL MONUMENT" IN 1866, AND IS NOW BEING REBUILT.

In March, 1944, the famous Abbey of Monte Cassino, on a high mountain overlooking the town of Cassino, half-way between Rome and Naples, was destroyed by air bombardment by the Allies after repeated warnings against its use by the enemy for military purposes. The Abbey, which was founded in 529 by St. Benedict on the site of an ancient temple of Apollo, has faced destruction before in its long history. It was sacked by the Lombards (580-590), rebuilt in 720, destroyed by



THE REBUILDING OF THE CHURCH AT MONTE CASSINO: AN INTERIOR VIEW. THE  
 TOMB OF ST. BENEDICT, IS UNDER THE STAIRCASE, WHERE THE HIGH ALTAR ONCE STOOD.

the Saracens in 884, and restored seventy years later. The ancient Abbey Church was many times destroyed, and the last church—now being rebuilt—was erected in 1637-1737. The Abbey of Monte Cassino, for centuries a chief centre of religious life for Western Europe, is once again rising from the ruins so that the work of its founder may continue. These photographs show the progress that has been made in the work of reconstruction, which will take many years to complete.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MORE REFLECTIONS.

By FRANK DAVIS.



SOME months ago, over the coffee, the conversation touched upon eighteenth-century mirrors, and I described one I remembered in the following terms—"gilded and carved with foliage and swirling scrolls and lopsided," which was admittedly an impolite, ungenteel, but forceful way of indicating that this particular mirror was one which I personally did not greatly admire. I had in mind a pair of sconces in a great house over which some worthy, careful craftsman of the 1740's had let himself go in no uncertain manner. Some of us do genuinely like such things—and no doubt more of us would like them if more of us had big, lofty rooms in which to display them; they do need vast spaces in which to lose themselves. Others of us take a perverse pleasure in them as pathological specimens, proving how varied and manifold are the works of man when he cuts himself loose from discipline. Such rococo extravagances require a most sensitive hand if they are to please the majority in the modern world, and a good many most delicate objects in this particular style have appeared on this page from time to time.

It is not really the exuberance we object to nowadays, but a sprawling lack of balance—anyway, I think that is how most people would put it—and we very much approve of a highly decorated style as long as it conforms to our notions of good proportion. That the eighteenth century strayed from the path of rectitude for only brief interludes, while for most of the time it indulged in wonderfully graceful fantasies,

victim to the charm of this light-hearted yet severely symmetrical piece—nor, surely, can we withhold our admiration for the craftsmanship which has made this delicate carving possible. If I were fortunate enough to be on friendly terms with an acknowledged leader of the noble fraternity of fakers—presumably that species is not yet extinct—I should like to ask him this question. Could he, and would he, attempt a reproduction—and by that I don't mean a copy which you or I could see was modern at a glance,

landscapes painted on paper, few would give them a thought: as mirrors they have an undeniable brittle charm—impossible to frown when you look into them.

The remaining two photographs here are printed by way of reply to a correspondent who writes to say she is doubtful about the date of a little bureau which seems to be rather like Fig. 3—that is, with baluster legs and turned stretchers (whether it is really as good as this one is another matter). I print Fig. 4 as well to show the normal development. They are both of

walnut, with a respectable if not a very ancient ancestry, for a desk set aside specifically for writing was a rare object even as late as the reign of Charles II. These two would date from the beginning of the eighteenth century—certainly Fig. 4, which, with its carving on the knees and cabriole legs, is Queen Anne. On style alone one would be inclined to place Fig. 3—a less elegant structure—a few years earlier, but things were not likely to have happened in so tidy a fashion, and cabinet-makers were no more concerned then, as now, to make the world safe for pundits 250 years later. The point is that here are two pieces of fine quality which could well have been made in the same shop and in the same year, and which show at a glance how fashion was changing. The earliest writing-desk was just a box with a sloping front, which you carried about and placed on a table; then you put legs beneath it, and did not carry it about—and then, gradually, you introduced little refinements. The single drawer, for example (Fig. 3), becomes three drawers (Fig. 4), and not just three drawers flush with the front, but neatly stepped back—you would, I have no doubt, call it "zoning" if you were talking of a building—one over the other. These are

the small refinements which make all the difference between a good thing and a fine thing. It is odd what a number of people there are who can stand



FIG. 1. A WONDERFULLY GRACEFUL EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FANTASY: A CHIPPENDALE CARVED AND GILT MIRROR WITH SHAPED PEDIMENT DECORATED WITH ACANTHUS LEAF CRESTING. (5 FT. 3 INS. BY 2 FT. 5 INS.)  
Frank Davis writes of this Chippendale mirror: "... it is impossible not to fall a willing victim to the charm of this lighthearted yet severely symmetrical piece—nor, surely, can we withhold our admiration for the craftsmanship. . . ."

By courtesy of Frank Partridge.



FIG. 2. A POPULAR CHINESE EXPORT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A MIRROR PICTURE IN A CARVED ENGLISH FRAME.

"... during the eighteenth century the Chinese, in addition to the masses of porcelain, silks and lacquer which they exported to the West, provided us with a large quantity of these mirror pictures, which enjoyed extraordinary popularity as gay and romantic evocations of a land about which the majority of people had the haziest of notions."

By courtesy of Sotheby's.

but such a version that would, with a modicum of good luck, deceive the very elect? I am inclined to believe that he would reply that even if his skill were adequate to the task (and that would be a very large assumption), it would take him so long and would mean so much hard work that the possible financial profit would not be sufficient. (This is an invitation for someone to write and claim that he has made a good income for years by just this activity.)

There are hundreds of copies, and passable copies, of ordinary eighteenth-century furniture, particularly pieces made in the second half of the nineteenth century, which are not intended to deceive, and are by no means to be despised as honest and, of course, inexpensive versions of the earlier tradition, but not, I think, versions of this sort of gay and graceful fantasy—so, if you happen to come across something as harmonious as this, provided the carving is crisp and sure and unhurried, the design not pinched or mean, you can be pretty certain that you are looking at an authentic piece and have not thrown your money away, unless by the time you or your heirs want to sell it there is no one left in all the wide world with a taste for this kind of disciplined extravagance. The date of this mirror would be about 1760, and we might as well set beside it another of a very different sort to show that our ancestors were by no means conservative in their tastes, though, to be sure, they invariably (or anyway, generally) saw to it that these exotic creations were framed in accordance with normal picture conventions as shown in Fig. 2.

For a lengthy period during the eighteenth century the Chinese, in addition to the masses of porcelain, silks and lacquer which they exported to the West, provided us with a large quantity of these mirror pictures, which enjoyed extraordinary popularity as gay and romantic evocations of a land about which the majority of people had the haziest of notions. They turn up at auctions but rarely, and are naturally much sought after, though we now know enough of the kind of decoration the Chinese made for themselves not to take them too seriously; they were deliberately made for the European market. Their bright colours, engaging detail and odd perspective, plus the mirror, remove them from the category of pictures in the ordinary sense. Were they just



FIG. 3. WITH STRETCHERS IN THE OLDER SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY TRADITION: A QUEEN ANNE WALNUT BUREAU. This walnut bureau may be compared with that illustrated in Fig. 4. On style alone one would be inclined to place it a few years earlier. For instance, the stretchers are in the older seventeenth-century tradition, and the structure is simpler.

By courtesy of Christie's.

could be shown in a thousand examples, and of them the mirror in Fig. 1 seems to be as easy on the eye as most. It is certainly not less intricate than the oddity mentioned above, but, however accustomed our eyes have become to the rectangular austerities of the modern world, it is impossible not to fall a willing



FIG. 4. WITH SLIGHT CABRIOLE LEGS AND THREE DRAWERS A LITTLE SET BACK, ONE ABOVE THE OTHER: A QUEEN ANNE WALNUT BUREAU.

This Queen Anne walnut bureau is a more elegant structure than the other piece illustrated, but was very likely made about the same year; and illustrates clearly how fashion was changing, and how refinements were being introduced. The single drawer has, for instance, become three drawers.

By courtesy of Christie's.

in front of two pieces of furniture with just these differences of design and finish, and fail to notice what a radical change has come about; it is not a question of knowledge or experience, but whether your eyes are lazy or no.





LEGENDS BASED ON FACT: TRICKS OF ANIMAL BEHAVIOUR OBSERVED BY READERS—A RECONSTRUCTION

"I am not safe to say that a thing does not exist in nature merely because neither I nor any other scientific man has as yet seen it." This quotation by Dr. E. W. Gudgeon of a remark by Professor W. K. Brooks, of Johns Hopkins University, is appropriate to the events depicted on these pages. Dr. Gudgeon, after examining the ancient accounts of similar happenings, remarked: "I shall keep an open mind." Here our Artist, after studying the abundant correspondence received from readers, has drawn a picture of a phenomenon which recently appeared on the "World of Science" page, has summarised it in pictorial form on this page. The artist also discusses the results of this correspondence and makes the point: "The only conclusion to be drawn . . . is that it is a trick performed by certain individuals (of the species) under certain, undefined circumstances." Regarding these drawings,

He says: "There is certain type of man who pushes his railway ticket into his hat-band. He exists in the proportion of about one in ten thousand in this country. The remaining 9999 male railway travellers could be surrounded by mountains of snow and still not find out that they have done it. They think it is so easy to push a ticket into the hat-band. The recording of this type of human behaviour depends entirely upon the random observation of the behaviour of the occasional traveller. This is a very experimental method, except by an enormous outlay of time, energy and money. The few tracks of behaviour which are observed are in all probability, to this same category. It is interesting to note also the relative frequency of the behaviour of the different types of man. The fewest are those who deal with compassionately dealing with various kinds of behaviour. The fewest letters

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY

OF SOME INCIDENTS DESCRIBED IN LETTERS RECEIVED FOLLOWING OUR "WORLD OF SCIENCE" SERIES.

interpreted as mere fighting. Next, in ascending order, were letters in foxes riding themselves of fleas. The fox is comparatively rare; certainly it seldom exposes itself to view, which may account for the scarcity of observations on this particular behaviour. 'Funerals' were slightly more numerous, but still rare. Hedgehogs came next, away of which I saw many more than I could possibly count. I would suppose; but then, hedgehogs are much more common sight than we normally suppose. I saw one on the road to the station, and another on the road to the station throughout the country of approximately one per acre. The high number of letters on rats carrying eggs—in one case of rats combining to move stones 8 lb. in weight—is not surprising. Rats are not only very numerous but live close to us, in every sense of the word. We were very close to them, and they were very close to us. I saw see it. Animal behaviour springs primarily from inherited tendencies and

NEAVE PARKER, with the CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE HURTON

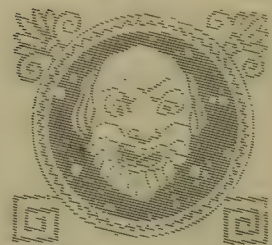
trial-and-error learning (i.e., experience). This forms what may be called the pattern norm to the species. The normal pattern can, however, be altered by different conditions of the environment, by abundance or shortage of food, by overcrowding or by a thinning-out of the population; by the attitude of fellow-members of the species; and a variety of similar causes. There is also some variations in the general pattern due to differences of temperament. Behaviour in a crowd, too, can be markedly different to the behaviour of any single individual in the species. This is as true of animals as of human beings. And over and above all this—there is the individual, the real essence of my correspondence—there are the exceptional tricks played by the odd individual, like putting the railway ticket into the hat-band."

NEAVE, PARKER, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.





# THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



## A DREAM COME TRUE.

By ALAN DENT.

DEAR READER.—The National Film Theatre is yours to command. It is housed in the Telekinema which was part of the Festival of Britain, 1951—a pebble-throw from the Royal Festival Hall, on London's South Bank. You can become a member on payment of an annual subscription of one guinea—which amounts roughly to fivepence a week. All information is to be had at the theatre itself or from The British Film Institute, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, whose telephone number is Temple Bar 1642.

Dear, dubious reader, your critic has no axe to grind, no fish to fry. He is acquainted with no one in the British Film Institute and has no friends—so far as he knows—remotely connected with it. He knows only that this Institute has done a spectacularly good, quick and unfussy job in securing such an extremely well-appointed theatre for its showings, and has already submitted an absolutely first-rate and well-varied programme. The National Film Theatre is open, it exists. It is not a mere project, a mirage, a bone of contention, a chimera, like the National—but, as a dramatic as well as a cinema critic, I really must tread warily here!—like the National Megatherium. And you, as a wise and enlightened adult, should write to it, or call on it, or telephone it before you have even finished the perusal of this page. It is worth your while even if you are in London only once a week, or even once a month. Perhaps if I mention that the Institution is already swamped with applications for membership I need say no more!

In parenthesis, let me observe that my view of the dear public, in this matter of persuading it to do something for its own good, lies somewhere between a benignant attitude and a cynical one. From the benignant stance one realises that the average man or woman is too preoccupied or even too lazy to write a postcard or to look up a telephone number in the directory. He or she says: "To-morrow will do!" as indolently as the proverbial Spaniard. From the cynical stance one is in accord with the great critic, C. E. Montague, who somewhere opines that the public is like a stubborn pig which can only be prevailed upon to go through a gap in a hedge if its tail be pulled firmly in the opposite direction. Some days I think the public is no better than that pig; but some other days I think it is a lamb.

The first programme—whosoever thought of it and arranged it—goes far towards pleasing absolutely everybody who can possibly be pleased by a film show. It begins with short films of the future, continues with a synthetic film made up of scenes from pictures of the far, nostalgic past, and concludes with a major film of the recent past, the Shaw-Asquith "Pygmalion." This last is kept fresh by the performances of Wendy Hiller and the late Leslie Howard as Eliza and Professor Higgins. But for the rest it continuously reminds me of that advertisement for boot-blackening which shows a well-polished pair of old shoes and has the caption: "They're well worn but they've worn well."

The new short films give us the glimpse of stereoscopy we had during the Festival, and two new items by that brilliant young experimenter, Mr. Norman McLaren. One of these is an abstract in colour called "Begone, Dull Care," a

purely formal business of great ingenuity which cleverly contrives to be just short enough to stave off eye-strain or irritation. The other is a taut and terrifying little parable for the times we live in. It is called "Neighbours," and since its appeal is world-wide its captions are in a dozen different languages. Two men lie peacefully in their back-gardens within chatting distance. Suddenly a quarrel springs up about the exact position of the paling that is to separate the two gardens, and about a marigold that bobs up between the two and

in the line of the paling. Both covet the flower and come to blows. Spasmodic movement gives this epic anecdote an extraordinary tensely and urgency. The neighbours maul each other, demolish each other's home and wife and babe, and end with mutual and hideous slaughter. The marigold splits into two marigolds which proceed to bob up on the grave of each neighbour. The noise the audience makes at the end of "Neighbours" is something between a gasp of horror and a thoughtful laugh. I have never heard anything quite like it—just as I have never seen anything quite like this little film.

The composite picture is, of course, full of the old nonsense and the old charm. It is accompanied by a pianist who has the necessary quick adaptability, the right skill in jumping from the dreamy mood to the agitated one at a split-second's notice. I am informed on the best authority—that of Mr. Ernest Lindgren, the British Film Institute's librarian—that we have in our archives almost 6000 old films to choose from, and that the rich archives of other countries, notably those in New York and in Copenhagen, will probably be ready to carry out exchanges with ours.

The prospect is there. Public demand may make it a certainty. Meanwhile, at the South Bank they have set a high standard with their first composite film. It begins with Lillian Gish in "Hearts of the World." This was made in 1917; yet it stays miraculously unridiculous because its heroine had—and apparently always will have—the pathos of a snowdrop in a January blizzard.

Other great ones follow—Chaplin, Pickford, Fairbanks, Veidt, Valentino, Stroheim, Dietrich, Laughton. There is a nearly forgotten comedian called Harry Langdon who does nothing but bicycle round and round an automobile containing a sulky, coy young lady, but does so with extraordinarily wistful appeal. And there are five minutes of Garbo in "Marie Walewska" to give us a vivid reminder of that superb creature's idiosyncratic sorcery.

It was a crowning stroke to conclude and round-off this film with the best scene in last year's "The Magic Box"—the scene in which Robert Donat as the inventor shows the first film ever made to an audience solely consisting of P.C. Laurence Olivier in the dead watches of the night. As I wrote at the time, this bewildered bobby may not vie in history with this same major actor's Oedipus and Richard III. and Hotspur and Hamlet. But this does not prevent it from being a little performance of the deepest fascination and perfection. The good chap is struck all of a heap but has too much dignity to show it. He is the epitome of humanity faced with a revelation; his exclamation "But it moved!" is positively Galileo-like. He still has, withal, some lingering suspicions about the goings-on of

this madly urgent eccentric who has just dragged him upstairs to see moving pictures on a sheet, the two-minute-long culmination of fifteen years' research. And it is only with the good constable's very last statement that we can perceive his ultimate decision not to put the suspicious character under immediate arrest, the statement that comes like a dawn after a night of dubiety, or still more like his dark-lantern that is lighted again: "You must be a very happy man, Mr.—[minute pause to get the strange gentleman's name right]—Mr. Friese-Greene!"



"A PEBBLE-THROW FROM THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, ON LONDON'S SOUTH BANK": THE NATIONAL FILM THEATRE—AN EXTERIOR VIEW. THE PUBLIC ARE ADMITTED AT LUNCH-TIME ON WEEKDAYS AND ON SATURDAYS FOR THREE-DIMENSIONAL SHOWS. MEMBERSHIP OF THE BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE COSTS ONE GUINEA A YEAR, AND ASSOCIATESHIP—WHICH ENTITLES MEMBERS TO GO TO THE NATIONAL FILM THEATRE—IS ONLY FIVE SHILLINGS A YEAR.



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### "AN IDEAL GIFT."

NEXT year will be historic in that it will see the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., and The Illustrated London News will be recording the event in two Double Numbers worthy of the beautifully produced records of the three previous Coronations. This suggests that the ideal gift for Christmas, particularly for friends overseas, would be a year's subscription to The Illustrated London News.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it. Orders for subscriptions for The Illustrated London News to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

IN 1953—CORONATION YEAR—ALL POSTAL SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE THE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS AT NO EXTRA COST.



**"PORGY AND BESS": PROBABLY LONDON'S MOST MOVING AND THRILLING STAGE SPECTACLE.**



BEFORE THE FIRST KILLING: BESS (LEONTYNE PRICE) PARADES BEFORE THE BOYS OF CATFISH ROW. PORGY (WILLIAM WARFIELD) IS KNEELING ON THE LITTLE TROLLEY.



THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE HUGE CROWN (JOHN MCCURRY) AND ROBBINS (HOWARD ROBERTS) (ON THE GROUND), WHICH ENDS IN THE DEATH OF ROBBINS.



(ABOVE.) THE FINALE: PORGY, WITH A GOAT HARNESSSED TO HIS TROLLEY, SETS OUT ON HIS QUEST TO RESCUE BESS FROM NEW YORK, WHERE SHE HAS BEEN LURED BY SPORTIN' LIFE.

(ABOVE.) THE SCENE SWINGS ROUND AND REVEALS THE INTERIOR OF SERENA'S ROOM, DURING THE HURRICANE, WITH THE HUGE CROWN TERRIFYING THE PEOPLE OF CATFISH ROW.



"I LOVES YOU, PORGY": THE MOVING DUET BETWEEN PORGY AND BESS IN ACT II, WHEN BESS RETURNS AFTER THE PICNIC ON KITTIWAH ISLAND.



SPORTIN' LIFE, THE DOPE PEDDLER (CAB CALLOWAY), ACCOSTS BESS (HERE PLAYED BY URYLEE LEONARDOS) AND PORGY PROTESTS FROM HIS LITTLE SHANTY.

"Porgy and Bess," the folk-opera of life in the Negro quarter of Charleston, based on the novel "Porgy," by Dorothy and DuBose Heyward, with music by George Gershwin (Libretto by DuBose Heyward and Lyrics by DuBose Heyward and Ira Gershwin), opened at the Stoll Theatre on October 9 to tremendous acclaim and has been received (to quote our critic's words) as "a full tempest" and "an urgently exciting stage spectacle in which composer, librettist and cast are fully in union." The cast is a very large one, and the large and dramatic scenes are

crowded with action and character, with drama, tragedy, sentiment and farce constantly succeeding and interrupting each other. There are alternate leads, Porgy being played by either William Warfield or LeVern Hutcherson and Bess by either Leontyne Price or Urylee Leonardos. Other notable leading parts are Sportin' Life (Cab Calloway), Serena (Helen Thigpen) and Crown (John McCurry), but the whole cast (coloured, with the exception of a few "white folks") act and sing with tremendous vitality and sincerity.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

SEQUELS are nearly always, in some measure, disappointments, if only because "we never bathe twice in the same stream." And that, of course, is what we have been looking forward to—a repetition of the old experience; it can be nothing else, yet equally, of course, it is ruled out. If "Donkey Boy," by Henry Williamson (Macdonald; 12s. 6d.), has rather less appeal than "The Dark Lantern," in which its story was begun, that is the common law. But there is still another reason, in the theme itself. Even "The Dark Lantern," for all its dwelling charm, was a sad book—a story of industrial oppression, of encroaching squalor, of nature eaten up by the "Great Wen," and of a poor youth in its maw, condemned by pride and circumstance to waste his whole life on an office stool, dreaming of his West Country boyhood. At first he has some solace: an almost country lodging on the fringe of Kent, an untamed Hill where he can stalk his butterflies with a dark lantern. But that, too, will be swallowed up, just as his peace with Hetty has been swallowed by the darkness in his own nature. For Richard Maddison can never be a happy man. All human contacts seem to him a menace. Even the soft and childlike Hetty, who has abandoned home and comfort for his sake, whose life is one long struggle to appease him, figures as a snake in the grass. . . .

All this we knew before. We saw their touching love-affair bog down into unhappy marriage; we knew the consolations would decline, the sadness grow. But at that early stage, there were long gleams of happiness and beauty. Now they are nearly all extinct. The wild Hill has become a park, the wife a bosom-enemy, a true child of the Turleys, who denied his suit, an abject and pernicious mother. The little "donkey-boy" whose life was saved by ass's milk is turning out a thief and liar; and since the mother always sides with her "best boy," Richard has no choice but to beat it out of him.

That is what Richard sees. What we see is the making of a problem child. Phillip is an acutely sensitive, imaginative little boy, and in his baby years a loving one. He looks on Daddy as the wonder of the world, and to be Daddy, by playing with "Daddy's things," is his supreme delight. Indeed, this habit is what starts the trouble. In Richard's eyes it is first wilful naughtiness, then theft; and Hetty, though intuitively wiser, is ignored and helpless. So by degrees the imitative, trustful child becomes a quaking little outlaw, playing one defiant, idiotic prank after another, and sobbing witlessly, with gulps of terror, when he is found out.

This private drama is a mirror of the late-Victorian background; it is what comes of thwarting nature. Richard, himself unhappy and repressed, must needs be a conductor of repression. In the deepest sense, it is a true story; the age is wonderfully drawn, the spirit large. But the effect is rather lowering and painful.

"The Loving Brothers," by Louis Golding (Hutchinson; 15s.), is in one point analogous, for it concerns the making of a young delinquent; but there they part. This story has a modern setting, and a highly artificial plot. There are two gaolbirds, each haunting a scholastic brother like an Old Man of the Sea. Between the Warden of St. Stephen's, Oxford, and his brother Matthew no love is lost, so the infiction is more bearable. It has become a settled ill, a kind of tax on honour and prosperity; and since the name is Browne, the shameful bond is not too obvious. The younger pair have not even a name in common; when Tommy Smith went to the bad his little brother was adopted, by the name of Eckersley. Yet it is far, far worse for Clifford, for his brother loves him. All through their lives, Tommy the crook has pelted him with presents and with wads of notes, driving him mad with misery and loathing. But now perhaps he has lost track. Clifford is now a scholar of St. Stephen's; he has begun to shine; and best of all, he is unpersecuted.

Then it all starts afresh. Tommy's old crony, the Professor (as Matthew Browne was called in Parkhurst), sends him to Oxford on a little job—and he meets "Cliff" again. There is one witness who knows all about them. The Warden's daughter Marian is a young widow, and perhaps a saint. She has seen Tommy with her uncle Matthew. Repeatedly she has asked why—why does a child go wrong in the beginning? Matthew, her lifelong puzzle, is too hard a case; Tommy she may reclaim and fathom. And she succeeds in both, though, thanks to the Professor, at a heavy cost.

The plot, as I have said, is much contrived. The tone is at once matey and dramatic. And Marian's notion of a happy ending will not be shared by all.

"Hellbox," by John O'Hara (Faber; 12s. 6d.), has a less drastic title than you might suppose; it means "a printer's receptacle for broken type." Still, there is less distinction than you might suppose. For these brief glimpses of American lives are, in a quiet way, moderately hopeless. Not without relief: the sketch of "Life Among These Unforgettable Characters" is downright farce, though with an edge to it; the "Secret Meeting" is dissolved in mirth; there is a touching kindness in "Transaction"—to name a few of the less harsh. But impasse and futility are the abiding features. Even the grimmer destinies are mainly futile, as in the lifelong tragi-comedy of "The Decision." Even the gaiety seems to be marked: Abandon hope. And yet there is no drabness of effect: partly, I think, because the stories are so good in detail, so full of interest and accomplishment—partly because their flavour is so likeable.

"The Singing Sands," by Josephine Tey (Peter Davies; 10s. 6d.), concludes, alas, the work of an exceptional and brilliant writer. Inspector Alan Grant is on his way from Euston to the Western Highlands for a much-needed holiday. The death of a young man in Sleeper B is not his job, nor in his present state, after his night of claustrophobia, of any interest. Only, he has walked off the train with the wrong newspaper. And it is scrawled with verse—about "the beasts that talk . . . the singing sand . . . the way to Paradise." To what strange paradise? he wonders. Who was the dead man with the "reckless eyebrows"? So he is half-way cured, and deep already in another problem. This one is less remarkable than "The Daughter of Time," but full of spirited excursions, and delightful reading.—K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## GRACIOUS DUCHESS AND KINDLY KING.

IT is a happy coincidence that "The Duchess of Kent: An Intimate Portrait," by Jennifer Ellis (Odhams; 16s.), should appear at about the same time as the Duchess's return from a tour of the East, which has been as valuable as it must have been exacting and as triumphantly successful as it must have been an enormous strain. The way in which the Duchess, within a year of the death of the Duke of Kent, set herself to undertake not only the duties which she had to carry out, but many of the Duke's as well, has never, I think, been fully appreciated by the public at large until this last trip, so fraught with danger in Malaya and so onerous everywhere. Miss Jennifer Ellis is an old friend of the late Prince Christopher of Greece, the Duchess of Kent's uncle, who suggested that she should one day write an account of his favourite niece. The Duchess has

experienced the ups and downs of life to the full. She was the daughter of a Greek Prince, and the granddaughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir, a brother of the Czar Nicholas II. When, owing to the follies and wrong-headedness of King Constantine, the Greek Royal family was forced into exile, she tasted its bitterness—made particularly bitter in that it had first estranged her from her English relatives and even led to her beloved Miss Fox being summoned to the British Consulate in Berne and ordered to give up her employment with "traitors" and return to England. However, happiness came again with her unconventional wooing by, and marriage to, Prince George, as he then was, who said of her: "She is the one woman with whom I could be happy to spend the rest of my life," adding more lightly, "we laugh at the same things, she can beat me at most games, and she doesn't mind how fast I drive when I take her out in a car." The accident in which the Duke of Kent was killed must have meant in so happy a family the destruction of half the Duchess's life, but as Miss Ellis says, it was wartime, the Royal family were greatly overburdened, and she insisted on shouldering her share of the burden, saying: "I must remember that I am only one of many women who have lost their husbands in this war. The others have to go on with their lives, and so must I." It is perhaps an interesting commentary on this lovely, gifted, and amusing woman who has recently shown such devotion to the State into which she married, that all she receives from the State is her pension as the widow of an Air Commodore with three children; £398 a year. The burden of her public activities, which have to be financed out of her private pocket, has been so heavy that considerable and far-reaching economies have been forced on the Duchess, a matter of which, characteristically, she makes no complaint.

Whenever he could escape from his wartime duties it was the Duke of Kent's delight to change into old clothes as quickly as possible and, with the Duchess, get down to some gardening at Coppins. This love of gardening he shared with both his elder brothers, the Duke of Windsor and King George VI. King George VI., as Mr. W. E. Shewell-Cooper says in "The Royal Gardeners: King George VI. and his Queen" (Cassell; 12s. 6d.), was a great "gardener." This is a charming book, entirely artless and without pretence to literary style. It will delight gardeners. It will also provide for non-gardeners a pleasant picture of the family life of King George VI. and the Queen Mother. The book has the additional interest in that the King himself took the greatest interest in the book, going through the script as Mr. Shewell-Cooper says "very firmly and very definitely" only a short time after his serious operation. Indeed, only a day or two before his death he had gone through and passed a batch of photographs for the book. Of the King, Mr. Shewell-Cooper writes: "He hated unnaturalness in the garden. He told me, for instance, that he did not care for Coleus—it did not seem a natural plant in this country and, of course, it is not—but he did not want me to put this in the book, because he thought it might hurt someone and he disliked hurting people's feelings. It was the same about rock gardens—he did not like these introduced into the normal garden—he felt somehow that they were a fake." But once again the King "did not want me to tell others that he had gradually got rid of the rock garden at Royal Lodge, because he felt that there might be some who were particularly fond of this feature of gardening." Mr. Shewell-Cooper deals in turn with the gardens at Buckingham Palace, Balmoral, at Windsor Castle and at Sandringham, but he reserves his real enthusiasm for the garden at Royal Lodge, Windsor, of which the King said to him on one occasion: "Now that really is my garden—I made it—go and see it." But, as I say, the book is much more than an agreeable and interesting account of the Royal gardens, it throws a fresh light on the many-sided, if very English personality of a beloved King.

Mr. H. E. Bates, in "The Face of England" (the text of a Batsford book at 21s., and illustrated by the colour photographs of A. F. Kersting), refers to the English countryside as being a great "daisy chain" of gardens. Mr. Bates writes as attractively and as agreeably as ever, but his subject, of which he treats so

interestingly, reveals him as a man in a muddle. He has some exaggerated and highly-coloured views of the lot of the agricultural labourer in the past and therefore welcomes the Socialist Welfare State and the decay of the great houses. Yet, a few pages later, we find him deploring a Socialism which "preaches and breaks and redistributes," but "never builds" a Chatsworth, a Blenheim or a Stowe. He sees the danger of the individualism which causes us to sprawl out of our cities in search of a "castle" and a plot of land of our own, gobbling up good food-producing acres and defacing the countryside; and yet Mr. Bates, the individualist, cannot but applaud the instinct. A stimulating book because of its text; a lovely book because of its illustrations.

This leaves me space merely to recommend "The Smaller English House," by Reginald Turner (Batsford; 42s.), a wholly satisfying description of the development of the house, smaller than a great mansion and larger than a cottage, from 1500 to 1939—an architectural form which constitutes one of the peculiar and unique riches of the English heritage. E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THIS gem of a game was played recently in Finland:

White	Black	White	Black
TURKKA	HAENNINEN	TURKKA	HAENNINEN
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	2. P-QB4	P-K4

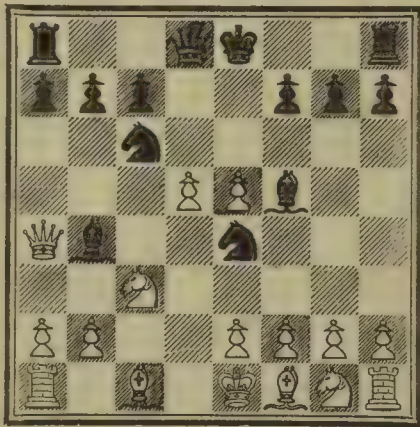
The "Budapest Defence," a counter-gambit generally considered nearly, but not quite, sound.

3. P×P Kt-K5

More usual is 3. . . . Kt-Kt5, putting the pawn on White's K5 under fire at once; Black can attack it further by . . . Kt-QB3 and . . . Q-K2, and it is not easy to defend, as P-KB4 leaves White with a dangerously weak diagonal of black squares through his KB2, after the reply . . . B-QB4. That Black can usually recover the sacrificed pawn if nothing better offers itself is the main justification of the Budapest Defence.

3. . . . Kt-K5 is a really sacrificial alternative. A speculation . . . but what a drab world it would be if speculations were never to succeed! White goes slightly wrong with his very next move, 4. Q-B2 being best.

4. Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	6. BP×P	B-KB4
5. Q-B2	P-Q4!	7. Q-R4ch	Kt-B3!!



If such a move is playable, it is a winner, for Black has now five pieces (two bishops, two knights and his queen) in excellent play, White only two—and one of these pinned.

Playable it certainly is; the answer to 8. P×Kt would be 8. . . . Kt×Kt. If now 9. Q×B, Q-Q8 mate. Or 9. P×Kt, B×Pch; 10. B-Q2, Q×B mate. Or 9. P×P dis ch, Kt×Q dis ch followed by the same mate. Isn't it lovely?

It is possibly at this stage that White misses his last chance of redemption. Black's main threat is 8. . . . Kt×Kt; 9. P×Kt, B×Pch, followed by 10. . . . B×R. A secondary threat is 8. . . . Q×P. White thinks he can counter both these threats—but by yet another queen move! It is too much of a luxury; it was desperately necessary to get out some more pieces; 8. B-Q2 (Kt×B; 9. K×Kt, Q×Pch; 10. K×Kt) might have given him the ghost of a chance.

8. Q-Kt3 Kt-Q5 9. Q-R4ch P-QKt4

Now, if 10. Q×B, Kt-B7ch followed by 11. . . . Kt×Q concludes.

10. Q-Q1 Kt×Kt 11. Q×Kt P-B4

The problem for White is now where to put his queen. Only on three squares, Q2, K3 or KB4, will it not be taken at once, and on any of these squares it falls after 12. . . . Kt×QP dis ch. In desperation White tried 12. P×Kt but after 12. . . . P×Q, resigned.





## CERIUM

**C**ERIUM is one of the group of elements known as the "rare earth" metals, which are very similar to each other in chemical properties. The first steps in the discovery of this element were taken in 1781 when a 15 year old Swedish boy Wilhelm Hisinger sent a sample of rock to the famous chemist Scheele.

Hisinger thought that this rock, now known as the mineral "cerite," might contain a new metal; but Scheele failed to find it. More

than twenty years later Hisinger himself discovered in cerite the new element cerium. Today the most important sources of the rare earth metals are

deposits of monazite sand found in India and Brazil. Pure cerium is rarely produced, but in the form of "Mischmetall"—a mixture of rare earth metals—and in compounds with other elements it has a number of industrial uses. The luminosity of an electric arc light is increased if the carbon electrodes are impregnated with cerium fluoride during manufacture, and ceric sulphate is used in chemical analysis and in photography.

Mischmetall is used extensively to make lighter flints of which I.C.I. produces many millions every year for use in gas and cigarette lighters.







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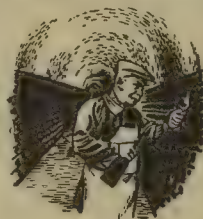
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## A letter from Brazil\*

"WE were travelling up the river Jequitinhonha, in the State of Bahia, by canoe, to reach a famous *garimpo* (a camp of diamond panners), when the strap of my Rolex broke, and the watch disappeared into the flood. Search proved useless and I was obliged to continue, with a heavy heart. Two months later, I stopped for the night several miles below the point where I had lost my Rolex. That night, sitting round the fire, we began talking. Asked how things were going, an old *garimpero* said, 'Very badly, sir. Pedro dos Santos thought he'd found a large piece yesterday, but it was only a watch.'

"My heart stopped. I asked to see the find. Scornfully my dear Rolex was hurled at me across the fire. Pedro consented to sell it willingly, thinking that a watch that had been in the water was worth nothing, and with a broad grin at the idiocy of this foreigner he pocketed five 'milreis.' The laugh was on the other side of his face when a few minutes later I put it back on my wrist and set it going!"

This is an extract from a letter written to Rolex by a customer, Mr. Victor L. Bondi, now of Geneva. We think it speaks for itself. There are few hardships a Rolex watch cannot undergo; that delicate mechanism is so well made, so well protected by the Oyster case. This, anyway, is the true story of what happened to one Rolex Oyster.

You may say that *your* watch is never likely to be subjected to such rugged tests. All watches are subjected to tests; the hazards of day-to-day wear are slighter, but more insidious. But a watch such as this can always function perfectly, untouched by dust or dirt, water or perspiration. Isn't perfection what you ask for in a watch? Don't forget that the more junior member of the Rolex family, the Tudor, is also protected by the Oyster case.

★ A photo print of Mr. Bondi's original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company Limited, 1 Green Street, London, W.1.



"... we were travelling up the river Jequitinhonha, in the State of Bahia, by canoe, to reach a famous *garimpo* ..."



Delicacy and strength are combined to perfection in the Rolex Oyster. Delicacy of movement, so that its accuracy is unquestioned; strength of construction, so that no dust or damp or water can penetrate that perfectly waterproof Oyster case and harm the movement.

  
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THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LIMITED (H. WILSDORF, GOVERNING DIRECTOR), 1 GREEN STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1



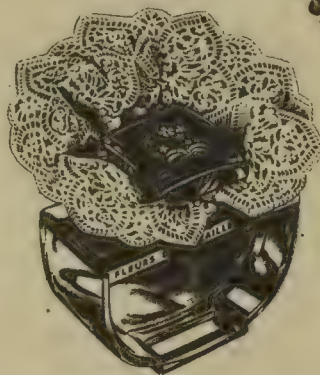


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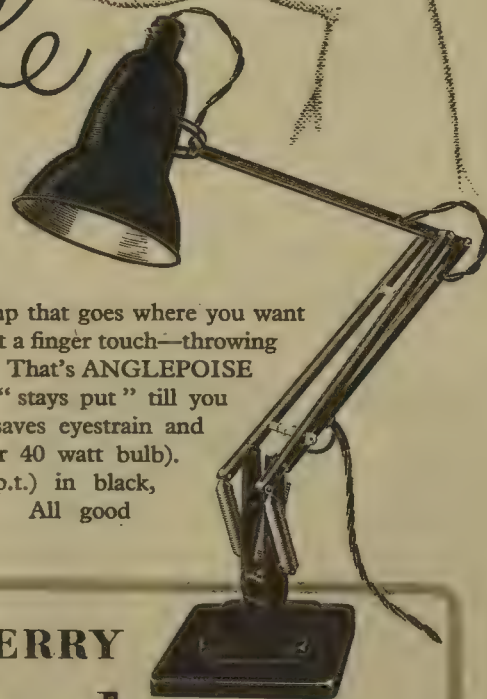
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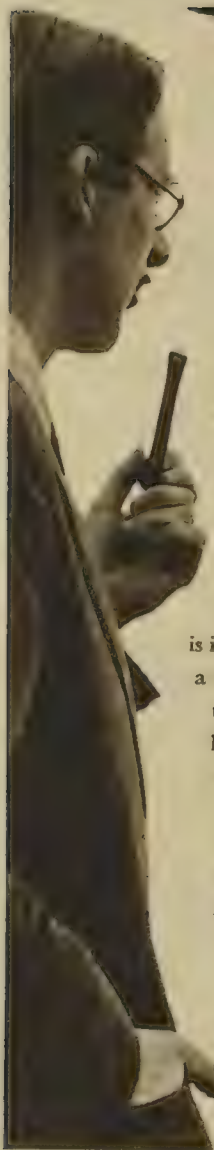
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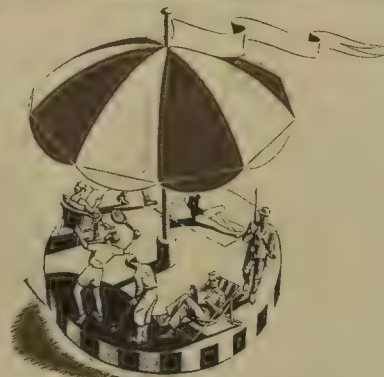


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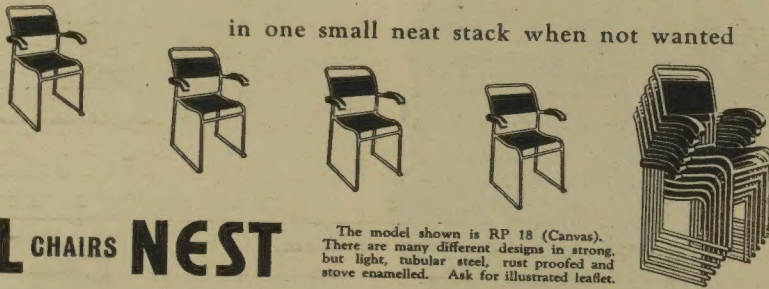
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TO THE LATE  
KING GEORGE VI  
MOTOR CAR TYRE  
MANUFACTURERS



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